THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
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TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

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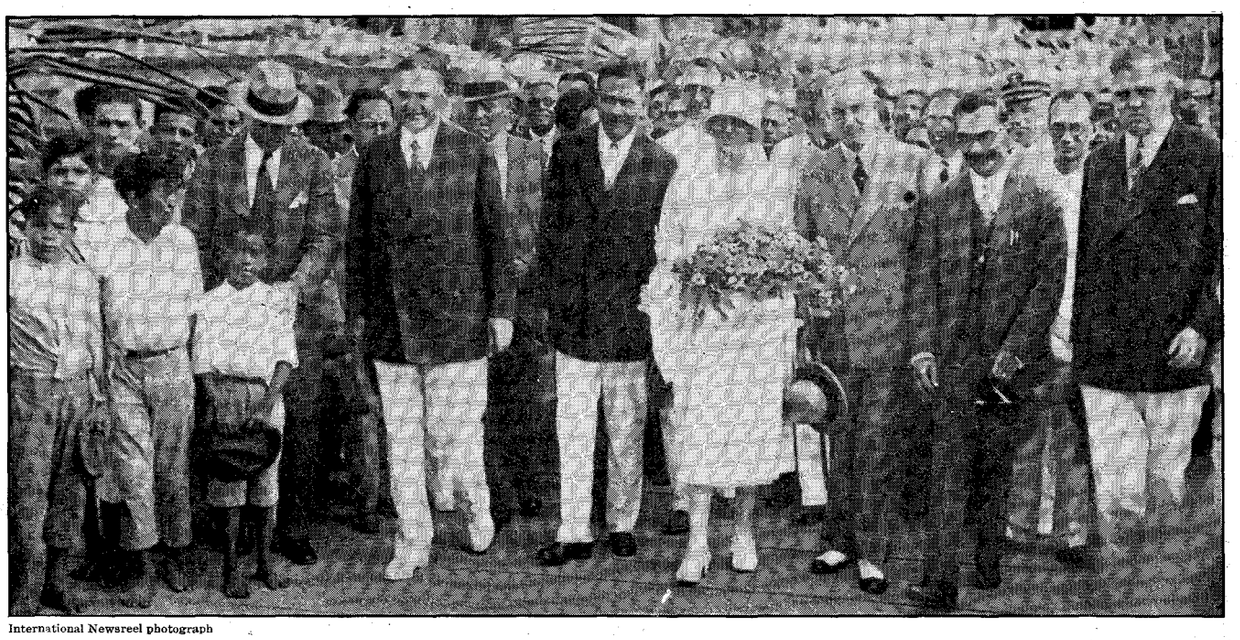

International Newsreel photograph

"I COME TO PAY A CALL OF FRIENDSHIP"

Here is the Hoover party on their first stop ashore on the South American trip, at Amapala, Honduras. The President-elect may be easily recognized; next to him in order may be seen his son Alan, Mrs. Hoover, and Ambassador Fletcher.

NO "BIG-BROTHER" ROLE FOR HOOVER

BESIDES THE THRILL which the presence of our President-elect gave the crowds which thronged the seaports or capitals of the Central American and South American countries he visited, there was a very definite message, the meaning of which does not escape the press either in North or South America. Naturally, the Hoover speeches differed, but there ran through them all a rejection of any "Big-Brother" or paternal rôle on our part toward the other nations of our hemisphere, a repudiation of interventionist policy, an acknowledgment that we have as much to learn from them as they have to learn from us, and a gratification over the fact that the nations of this continent have a common heritage in the democratic ideal, whether exprest politically, economically, or socially. While the New York *Times* appears slightly worried because a North American like Mr. Hoover can not equal the results of "the Spanish temperament and Spanish oratory in the matter of extravagant compliment," it is interesting to find the press of Argentina—a nation which has been considered, perhaps, the least friendly of the South American republics—unanimously asserting that Mr. Hoover has "sold" the United States to Argentina. And he even gave the Argentines a national slogan which spread throughout the country in twenty-four hours. Mr. Hoover's phrase, "Argentina is the world's bread-basket," or the corresponding Spanish phrase, "*la canasta de pan del mundo*," will, says *El Diario* of Buenos Aires, characterize Argentina as "the Empire State" does New York, "and Mr. Hoover will be remembered along with Alberdi and Sarmiento as authors of famous Argentine epigrams."

After Mr. Hoover had talked and lunched with the heads of both parties in Nicaragua, and had heard the request from the Liberal party that a few of our marines be kept there, the New York *World* admits the possibility that one result of Mr. Hoover's voyage will be his own conviction that "the best hope for peace and confidence in the Western Hemisphere lies in a more real partnership between nations which are neighbors and a more widely shared responsibility for all grave decisions affecting national rights."

But the Argentine speeches and the Argentine reception of Mr. Hoover seem to arouse the most interest here. Argentina, the Chicago *Daily News* recalls, "was a trouble-maker at the Pan-American conference in Havana last January," and Argentina has had serious objections to our tariff policies. A consistent critic of Mr. Hoover during the Presidential campaign, the New York weekly *Nation*, feels that he "was happy in seizing upon his visit to Buenos Aires to declare through the columns of *La Nacion*, that he is opposed to intervention by the United States in Latin-American affairs," and it hopes "his Administration may prove the declaration more than wind blowing across the

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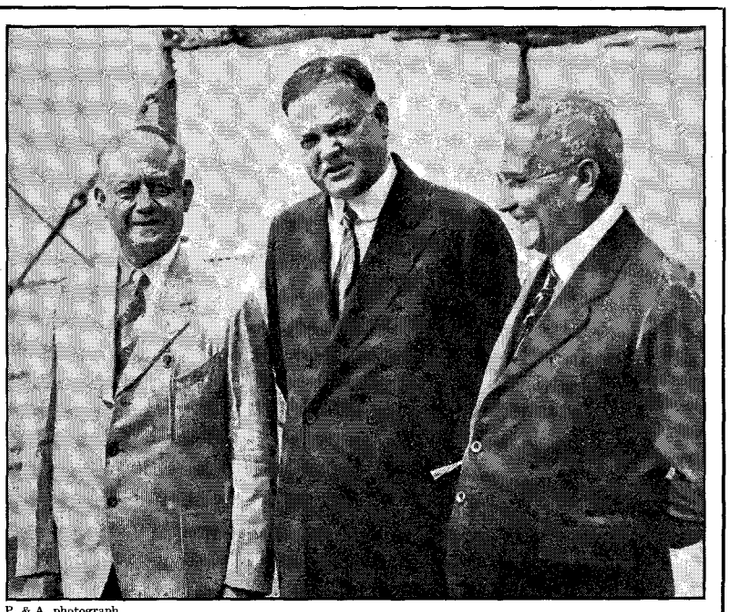
Pampas." This interview was the most complete expression of a point of view which was touched on in several of the Hoover speeches in Latin America. The President-elect said in part:

"The idea has persisted for a long time that among nations, as in families, there are younger and older brothers. One deduces from this idea that the function of acting as tutor, at least in spiritual matters, and many times in matters of policing, is exercised by the older brothers with the supposed younger brothers.

"I absolutely disapprove such sentimental or political doctrines or views. There are no young, independent sovereign nations, there are no older and younger brothers on the American continent. All are of the same age from a political and spiritual view-point, and the only difference between them is the different historic moment in their economic progress.

"The fears of some persons concerning supposed intervention ideas of the United States are unfounded. The facts are gradually demonstrating more clearly and more fully that in my country there prevails no policy of intervention, despite any appearances of such an intention."



P. & A. photograph

A SIGN OF PEACE IN NICARAGUA

These three smiling gentlemen lunched together on the *Maryland*, off the Nicaraguan coast. In the center, of course, is the host, Mr. Hoover. At the reader's left is General José Maria Moncada, the Liberal leader, who was elected President of Nicaragua after our marines had policed the country and ensured a peaceful, fair election; at the reader's right is President Adolfo Diaz, Conservative, who will soon give up the reins of office in a constitutional manner.

More extended comment both here and in Argentina was evoked by Mr. Hoover's other Buenos Aires utterance, his formal speech in which he hailed the democratic ideal shared by all the republics of the American continent as producing in all these countries a society with "no frozen classes at the top." It was Mr. Hoover's earnest wish on this occasion, he said, "to sound a convincing note of faith and hope in the future of humanity," but, he added, "it has been no part of mine to build castles of the future, but rather to measure the experiments, actions, and progress of men through the cold and uninspiring microscope of fact, statistics, and performance." The economic future of the Western World is bright indeed, and yet, continued the speaker—

"Economic prosperity is not the sole object of government or of effort. It is the foundation upon which we may build a finer edifice of life because a release from poverty is a release of the spirit.

"The outlook, socially as well as economically and politically, is hopeful. Education and learning, the decrease in poverty and the ideal of equal opportunity are providing impulses of ambition in our peoples with the abandonment of aristocracy and, therefore, with no frozen classes at the top, without slavery and with diminishing poverty at the bottom, we are witnessing a volume of new recruits to national leadership in every avenue of life such as was never known before.

"For these reasons I do not fear the social decay which has been traditional in ancient nations of the past, who possest other institutions and ideals.

"And from all our system, whether it be political, social, or economic, we shall have failed if we do not secure those satisfactions which come from cultivation of the charms and graces of life, the advancement of the moral and spiritual character of our people."

These words, declared *La Prensa*, one of the strongest Argentinian newspaper critics of the United States, "will have a lasting impression." In particular this newspaper declares that Mr. Hoover's denial of the "popular fallacy that proclaims poverty to be a virtue, his optimistic view of education as an organic factor of democracy, his condemnation of 'frozen classes,' his extolling of spiritual culture as a complement of economic prosperity, are all worthy of the robust mind of a penetrating statesman." Rarely has the President-elect "said better so many true, forceful, and uplifting things," declares the New York *Times*, which goes on to remark:

"Many interpretations of the Monroe Doctrine have been made, and it has political and economic phases which have occupied most of the attention of historians and publicists. But there lies inherent within it a social phase, repugnant to the system of monarchy and based on the theory of liberalism which the daily life on this hemisphere exemplifies. In epitomizing this as 'no frozen classes at the top,' Mr. Hoover exprest it fitly and aptly and in a manner to bring a sense of oneness to all the nations which occupy this part of the earth's surface. Often an inclusive thought like this, exprest with warmth and accuracy, does more to arouse a spirit of human brotherhood than trade or treaties. To this extent the President-elect may be said to have risen to the heights of diplomacy merely by speaking ably the simple truth."

It is becoming evident to the Brooklyn *Eagle* that altho Mr. Hoover's experience "runs almost exclusively along autocratic administrative lines, he has an abiding faith in the less efficient, liberal traditions of government." The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* finds Mr. Hoover, like Henry Ford, expounding "an imaginative and revolutionary and wholly inspiring view of the future social purposes of business":

"This purpose, as Mr. Hoover thinks of it, should be nothing less than the abolition of poverty. Thus American business, as its own most representative philosopher sees it, must and probably will attempt a task always deemed impossible, and one at which philosophy and religion alike have failed."

Mr. Hoover's speeches at other points in South America have been reported in the dispatches telling the story of his trip. It will be remembered that he left the shores of California on the battle-ship *Maryland* on November 19. He first came ashore at Amapala, Honduras, where he said he was making a simple "neighborly" call, desiring to prepare himself for his coming task by contact "with the men who have been elected to responsibility in the governments" of the other American countries. A similar speech was made the same day at La Union, Salvador. The next day, November 27, a peaceful Nicaragua greeted our President-elect, and he was the host at a luncheon on board the battle-ship to President Diaz, President-elect Moncada, and former President Chamorro. Here he congratulated the Nicaraguans on their "consolidation of forces for domestic peace," and here Liberal party leaders stated that a thousand United States

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marines should be retained in Nicaragua to guarantee peace for perhaps two years more. The next day was a national holiday to celebrate the arrival of President-elect Hoover at San José, Costa Rica. On this occasion the Hoover speech was largely devoted to praise of Costa Rican "social and cultural advancement."

The first stop in South America was at Guayaquil, Ecuador, where Mr. Hoover declared that "true democracy is not and can not be imperialistic." On the 5th Mr. Hoover visited the South American "City of Kings," where Peru gave him a splendid ovation, with posters over the streets of Lima proclaiming "Welcome to Hoover" and "Long Live the Monroe Doctrine." Here President Leguia, of Peru, proclaimed his country's faith in the purposes of the Monroe Doctrine, which, he said, were being completed by the visit of Mr. Hoover. Mr. Hoover here made the practical suggestion that a conference be held soon to develop an air route between the United States and Peru. Afterward, in a newspaper interview, President Leguia declared that most of the anti-American propaganda in South America is not home-made but "born and nursed in Europe, and carried and transmitted via Mexico, and even the United States itself, to Argentina, Chile, Peru, and other nations of South America."

Off the Chilean coast, on December 8—the very day Bolivia broke with Paraguay—a Bolivian delegation came aboard the *Maryland* to pay their respects to Mr. Hoover, who told them that their country's name is "especially implanted in the hearts of our people because all of our school children learn to associate the great name of your country with the great liberator Bolivar." On December 10 Mr. Hoover reached Chile for a two-day visit. In his speech in Santiago on the 11th he declared that there is no basis for any kind of rivalry between Chile and the United States. He congratulated Chile on having adopted the policy of borrowing external capital only for productive works, and he predicted the coming of the day "when Chile, by her accumulation of wealth, may become a lender of capital."

IT'S PANNING OUT FINE!

—Gale in the Los Angeles *Times*.

That night our President-elect left by rail for Argentina, just as publication was made that an anti-Hoover plot had been discovered and frustrated in Buenos Aires. After crossing the Andes and the Argentine plains, Mr. Hoover arrived in Buenos Aires on the 13th, to be received with open arms. His utterances there have already been quoted. On the 16th Mr. Hoover sailed from Buenos Aires to Montevideo, Uruguay, on an Argentine cruiser, and the next day spoke at a dinner in his honor in the Uruguayan capital. To the people of this comparatively small nation he declared that "national greatness springs not primarily from broad areas of imperial possessions but from the heights and depths of the national soul." He paid his tribute to the contributions of Uruguay to leadership in "the science of jurisprudence, both in national and international fields"—"more and more you have been coming to the world with your hands full of spiritual and intellectual gifts." Important as are economic exchanges, nevertheless, continued Mr. Hoover, "the exchanges of ideas are even more vitally important to humanity than the exchange of commodities which are but perishable." On the 18th the battle-ship *Utah* took Mr. Hoover from Uruguay to Rio de Janeiro, his last scheduled stop on the South American voyage.

Interest in Hoover, says the New York *Times*, is world-wide:

"In England and Germany and Italy the purposes and possible results of his South American trip are closely studied. Already from France we have the lament that his visit will probably tend to diminish still further French influence in South America. Spain has made special and at least partly successful efforts to recover her old intellectual prestige in her former colonies of South America. The United States, with her graduate schools and technical laboratories and training, has drawn away hundreds of South Americans who in other days would have gone to France."

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. What is bel-canto? (p. 21).
2. What snakes travel in pairs? (p. 17).
3. What is a chippy chap? (p. 33).
4. Who killed Goliath? (p. 24).
5. What public demand may result from the *Vestris* disaster? (p. 17).
6. Who are the "untouchables"? (p. 23).
7. How does the student of to-day compare with the student of a generation ago in matters of religion? (p. 22).
8. What European countries have challenged England's right to feed her people? (p. 13).
9. Where can you check your car like a trunk for a train journey? (p. 42).
10. What exciting rôle did the British "mystery-ships" play in the World War? (p. 30).
11. Do life-preservers ever endanger life? (p. 16).
12. Is the "introverted" type of mind essentially masculine or feminine? (p. 42).
13. What will stop bleeding gums? (p. 18).
14. Was Lenin more of a dictator than Mussolini? (p. 14).
15. How long after exposure to influenza does the disease develop? (p. 18).
16. When was the abolition of required attendance at chapel begun among the colleges? (p. 22).
17. Who recently declared he wanted a nation of peasants and soldiers? (p. 14).
18. What foreign country is interested in our plan to control the Colorado's flood waters? (p. 8).
19. Do show-boat actors like the accounts written about them? (p. 41).
20. Name the only country Britain will endure as a naval equal? (p. 13).
21. What textile trade has made the greatest progress in France since the war? (p. 15).
22. Why do private interests oppose the Boulder Dam bill? (p. 8).
23. What is our annual crime bill? (p. 24).
24. What is France's tax rate as compared to Britain's? (p. 15).
25. What is the average salary of a show-boat actor? (p. 40).

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THE GREAT COLORADO DAM WINS

AT LEAST FIFTY THOUSAND PERSONS are living under the yearly recurrent shadow of possible catastrophe as long as their only protection from the spring flood-waters of the Colorado River is the present long, thin line of granite-faced levees. This is one reason why there is dramatic interest in the final passage by both Houses of Congress of the Swing-Johnson bill, generally known as "Boulder Dam" bill—altho the site of the proposed dam has now been shifted down-stream from the Boulder Canyon to the Black Canyon. But it is not the flood-control feature of this bit of legislation that has made it a storm center for the last six years. The plan to have the United States Government build a gigantic dam that will impound 26,000,000 acre-feet of water, will generate 1,000,000 horse-power, and will mean an outlay of $165,000,000, has aroused strenuous opposition on the part of private-power interests, which do not want government competition in the hydro-electric field; has awakened jealousies over water rights among the seven States drained by the Colorado River; and has even threatened to involve us in complications with Mexico, through whose territory the river reaches the Gulf of California.

So bitter was the fight in Congress over this bill that for a time it seemed likely to block the stream of legislation in the present session. The measure finally passed the Senate on December 14 and the House on December 18. Its main features are summarized in an Associated Press dispatch as follows:

"It proposes construction at the Black Canyon site in the Colorado River of a huge dam to provide water for irrigation in the seven States in the river basin. A power plant also would be built to furnish electric power to scores of localities.

"Flood-control works for the protection of the Imperial Valley in Southern California and an all-American canal to be built across this region for irrigation purposes also are proposed in the bill.

"The Government would have the right to build the dam, but the power plant would be constructed either by the Government or by private capital; the Secretary of the Interior to have authority to decide which option to exercise.

"At least six States in the basin area must ratify the project before the measure can take effect, even with the President's signature. Arizona and Utah have yet to approve the compact, while Colorado, California, Nevada, Wyoming, and New Mexico already have signed."

The provisions for financing the project are thus outlined in a Washington dispatch to the Chicago *Tribune:*

"The bill authorizes the expenditure of 165 millions, of which $70,600,000 is for a dam 550 feet high, higher than any now in existence, at Black or Boulder Canyon on the Colorado River. Of the remainder, $38,200,000 is for the power plant, $38,500,000 for the all-American canal from a point on the Colorado near Yuma, Arizona, to the Imperial valley in California, and $17,700,000 for interest during construction.

"Instead of providing for amortization of the entire cost within fifty years, as proponents of the legislation have insisted would be possible, the bill charges $25,000,000 of the total to flood control with reimbursement only if excess power revenues are available. The measure also directs that the all-American canal, if built, shall be charged up to water users under the terms of the reclamation act. The remaining $101,500,000 is supposed to be amortized within fifty years from power and water revenue."

The reasons for preferring the Black Canyon dam site to that in the Boulder Canyon are stated briefly as follows in the report of a board of experts appointed last year to investigate the matter:

"In general, geologic conditions at Black Canyon are superior to those at Boulder Canyon. The Black Canyon site is more accessible, the canyon is narrower, the gorge is shallower below water-level, the walls are steeper, and a dam of the same height here would cost less and would have a somewhat greater reservoir capacity."

The persistent opposition that the whole project has encountered is thus explained by Clyde L. Seavey, writing in *The Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science:

"Private-power interests, desirous of securing for themselves a complete monopolization of the tremendous hydro-electric possibilities of the lower Colorado River, unhampered by obligations respecting river regulation and use of water for irrigation, have launched a determined attack upon this development, because it means that power will not be monopolized, and that the waters of the river are first dedicated to river regulation and irrigation. Men influential in the business and political life of the Southwest, who own or control vast areas of land in Mexico, are bitterly opposed to this development, because it stands in the way of their securing special advantage to their great holdings. Each of these interests would have the Government make an unreimbursed outlay of some $25,000,000 for a low flood-control dam, for such a dam would leave the hydro-electric resources of the river open to acquisition by the power interests, and would redound to the benefit of owners of land in Mexico, as it would eliminate an all-American canal, and in a practical way insure increased deliveries of water at periods when water is now approaching the point of shortage.

"On top of this the situation has been further complicated by a resuscitation by certain of the intermountain States of the old doctrine of States' rights. These States are invoking this doctrine as a ground or pretext for claiming large revenue from the development of the river, claims which, if recognized, would render the whole project unsound from a financial standpoint."

"The provision that the bill shall become effective as soon as the river compact is ratified by six States, unless a seven-State agreement is signed within six months, is reasonable," remarks the Denver *Post*, which adds: "Arizona now will have to 'fish or cut bait.' She can't tie up the whole river any longer."

"The main purpose of this legislation is to provide flood protection for the Imperial Valley," the New York *World* reminds us. And it goes on to say:

"There is no doubt that this protection is needed. Every committee of engineers which has inspected the project has agreed to that, and most of them have urged that no time be lost in providing protection against a danger which is imminent. The result has been agreement by both Houses on a proposal to construct the greatest dam which has yet been built, almost twice as large as any dam in the United States. It is a mammoth project. It will protect against flood a half-million acres of farmland. It will harness a destructive force of nature for a constructive purpose by supplying a regulated flow of water for irrigation. And it will develop a vast supply of water-power for generating electric energy."

In its water-power feature the bill as passed is a compromise, since it provides that the power plant may be constructed and operated either by the Government or by private enterprise, in the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior. This, remarks the Philadelphia *Record*, is clearly a case of "passing the buck" by Congress. And it goes on to say:

"Remembering that not so long ago an Albert B. Fall was Secretary of the Interior—that he was succeeded by a Work now under fire in the Salt Creek oil lease matter, and that the present incumbent is Roy O. West, for thirty years an attorney for power interests—this grant of a discretion so momentous over functions so vitally important to moneyed, and not always scrupulous, utility corporations is disturbing.

"The Progressive guardians of the people's rights in the Senate seem satisfied. They evidently rely not only upon the integrity of the present incumbent of the Secretaryship, and of any who may succeed him before the Boulder Dam project is completed, but upon the force of public opinion when brought to bear upon his decisions."

The Black Canyon dam project, the New York *Herald Tribune* points out, would relieve the farmers of California's Imperial Valley of a double insecurity:

"They are in peril of flood and they are dependent upon a water supply for irrigation which reaches them across alien territory. Relief measures are too vast to be privately developed, and the complications of interstate and international difficulties present additional grounds for national aid."

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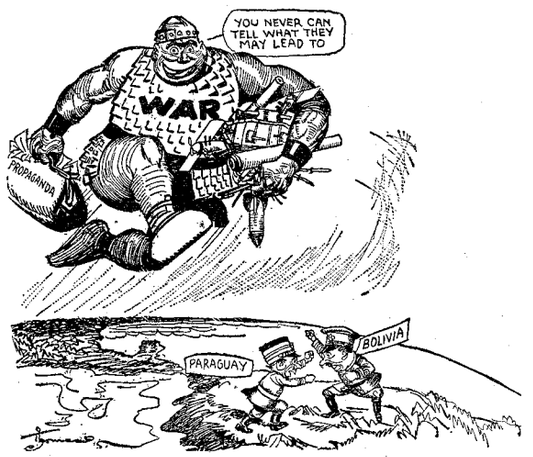
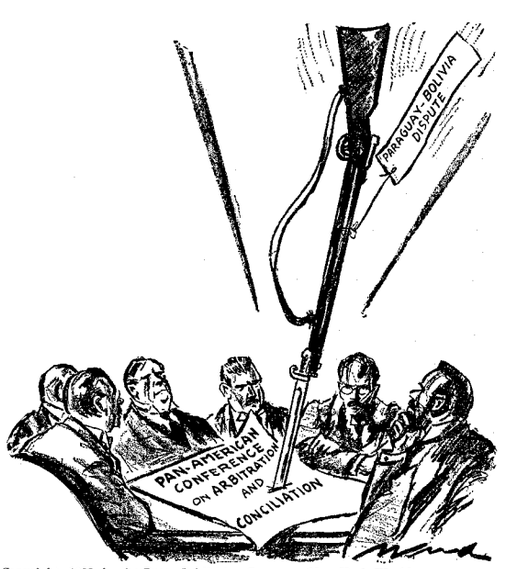


NO JOB TOO SMALL
—Thomas in the Detroit *News*.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS—EVEN WHEN THERE'S COMPANY!
—Spencer in the Omaha *World-Herald*.

MAKE IT HIS SWAN SONG
—Shoemaker in the Chicago *Daily News*.

AN OUTLAW MUST GO SOMEWHERE
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.



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SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT
—Weed in the New York *Evening World*.

Copyright, 1928, by the Philadelphia Inquirer Company

GOOD FOR WHAT AILS THEM
—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN SNARL WHERE MEDIATION CHALLENGES MARS

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HENRY FORD'S GOSPEL OF SPENDING

"NO SUCCESSFUL BOY EVER SAVED any money. They spent it just as fast as they could for things to improve themselves." So saying, Henry Ford's self-starter for life arouses intense pro and con discussion in the press. "Like all rules for success, this calls for no end of interpretations, modifications and exceptions," in the opinion of *The Wall Street Journal*. It is his opening remark, and not the second sentence, that will be remembered, according to the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, which calls it "Henry's slip," and predicts that "he will doubtless never get through having to explain it." The head of the Boy Scouts of America, James H. West, is quoted in news dispatches as saying that Ford "is spreading pernicious doctrine," for "it is exceptional for one to make a success in life who has not learned thrift in boyhood." Likewise the thirteen-year-old President Johnson of the Junior Bank in Wheaton, Illinois, broke into the news columns with a telegram to Ford reading: "I hope you didn't mean what the papers printed in an interview with you this morning. We have formed our Junior Bank to teach boys and girls to save regularly for useful purposes. How could you have started without some one's savings to start on?" Among papers which think Ford is at least partly wrong, the Detroit *Free Press* declares:

"We are old-fashioned enough to believe that, for the great majority of boys and girls in this country, the philosophy of Poor Richard is more salutary than that attributed to Mr. Ford. As it is easier to learn to spend than to save, young people should first be grounded in economy. They will learn how to spend soon enough."

Yet enthusiastic approval is voiced in many papers, altho frequently tempered with cautionary suggestions. "Thrice valuable is this counsel of Mr. Ford's," according to the New York *Herald Tribune*, "for it is intelligent, it comes from a man who has made a vast fortune by following it, and it will be far more acceptable to the young than the maxims of Benjamin Franklin." Further—

"Youth, being youth, can get plenty of fun out of life without riches. Many of the builders of the nation look back with no regrets on the days of their early struggles, when money went far more easily than it came, and never tarried long in their hands. To have wasted it in skimping and saving would have been to throw away a treasure far greater than any fortune which could be built by counting the pennies and dimes."

"Wherever spirited youth foregathers these days, there will be three cheers and a tiger for Henry Ford," chimes in the Providence *Journal*, remarking that he can point to himself and his friend, Thomas Edison, as examples that prove his argument, for "they were both past forty before they got their financial heads above water." In similar vein the New York *Evening Post* asserts that Mr. Ford "strikes a new and refreshing note" in "advice freely showered on the young"—

"Advice which will be relished for being so much easier to follow than the conventional adages about thrift and about pennies saved being pennies earned. But it has the shrewdness we would expect of Mr. Ford. What he really advocates is not spending money, but investing it. He would have the boy of ability using what he can earn for the self-improvement which would enable him to earn more, until he reaches that fortunate state when he has so much that he doesn't know how to spend it.

"While his statement is not so radical as it may at first appear, it is far sounder doctrine than that which lays all emphasis upon saving. The question remains of how money may be spent wisely, and that is quite as much a test of success as earning it."

Such advice is by no means new, numerous editorial writers are reminded. The Asheville (N. C.) *Citizen*, recalls the criticism of "the nickel nursers" by Radium King Flannery of Pittsburgh, who declared that "the boy who is taught only to save money is handicapped for the life struggle unless there is enough common sense or genius in him to offset the pernicious teaching." Flannery went on to say:

"No stingy or miserly man ever makes a big success in business. The fellow who is always watching the dimes with jealous care gets his mind lopsided. He is thinking too much of holding on, and not enough of getting on. Business, if it is correctly engaged in, has its adventurous phase. The merchant prince is one who has known how to take a chance to respond nobly to the lure of high emprise."

The *Citizen* then adds:

"In his advice to boys to spend their money in self-improvement, Mr. Ford reiterated the Flannery philosophy. It is, as a matter of fact, an ancient philosophy. The Golden Fleece comes to no man save as the reward of an adventurous spirit. He who nurses the nickels misses the knockouts. He probably will have enough to live on, but no sculptor will get a fee for making a statue of him when he is dead. The world belongs to the audacious."

Contrariwise, the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* recalls that the late "Wheat King," James A. Patten, "insisted that young men should save half their incomes," and it goes on with emphasis:

"Who can doubt that the great majority of young men in Chicago would have better prospects if they lived on one-half their incomes and saved the rest? It is the only hope for men of mediocre ability—the only assurance they can have of a comfortable old age. It is different, however, with men of extraordinary talent. They can not and should not be tied down to constant self-denial as the majority must be in order to succeed. That is to say, the maxims Franklin wrote for the common people do not apply to superior individuals. They would be hampered rather than helped by them because of their natural ability to succeed in large affairs, rather than by small savings. But for all men exercise in self-denial is a wholesome experience."

"To save or not to save, that is the question," somewhat confusing, perhaps, to the Jersey City *Journal*, which contrasts Rockefeller and Ford as exemplars and advice givers. There is John D., who has "amassed more dimes than any other man in the world"; who "gives away shiny new dimes to all the little boys and girls he sees—and likes—and advises them to put them in the bank, with lots of sisters and cousins and aunts," and then "along comes Henry Ford, another one of the 'richest men in the world,' on his way to the White House to dinner, giving out a few words on the success-value of spending instead of saving." "Alas and alack! What is a poor boy to do now?" exclaims the *Journal*.

That the Ford doctrine applies only to the exceptional person is pointed out by many editors. The New York *World* asks:

"How many of us in these days can follow with profit the example of two such exceptional men as Ford and Edison? Edison by his inventions and Ford by his demonstration of the possibilities of quantity production have helped to make it more difficult for the average man to have a business of his own. He can not, therefore, spend his money as they did. The best that he can do is to save it and allow some great business enterprise to act as his proxy in spending it productively."

The original Ford interview in the Associated Press read:

"You often hear advice given to young boys that to succeed they must work and save their money. This is partly wrong. No successful boy ever saved any money. They spent it as fast as they could for things to improve themselves. Citing Edison as never having 'had any money until he got so much he couldn't spend it,' he added: 'Instil in the minds of the young men that they will never get anywhere without work. I never knew a young man that was worth five cents that wouldn't work, and even occasionally get into trouble in his efforts to learn.'"

Later, in view of all the discussion stirred up, Mr. Ford gave out a second statement, sticking to his guns against simply "putting money in the bank," and advising:

"Invest in yourself until you are forty. It is time enough to save when you can earn more than you can spend wisely. But you will never get to that point by saving."

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FOREIGN - COMMENT

ANGLO-AMERICAN NAVAL "COMPETITION"

MUCH BELLIGERENT COMMENT is provoked in sections of the British press and in some journals of the British Dominions over what is called "naval competition" between the United States and Great Britain. Some irate Englishmen argue that the United States has not the same need for a big Navy as Britain has, because it has not the same imperial interests, but also there are those who say chaffingly that America is "entirely welcome to build until she bursts." It will not make the smallest difference to British policy or to any British subject's feeling of security, thinks the London *Daily Express*, because the growth of the United States Navy is a matter all Britons regard with sympathetic composure as entirely America's "own affair." At the same time this journal declares that "if any other country in the world had proposed to be on an equality with us at sea, no British Government, acquiescing in any such suggestion, could have lasted twenty-four hours." A very different attitude is that of *The English Review* (London) which rejoices that America has "openly abandoned her pretense of being content with a mere parity in naval armaments," and adds:

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

THE BIG COUSIN: "Say, you, Austen, if you try to build any more ships, we've got the money to build ten to your one. See?"
THE OTHER: "But have you got the fellows to man them?"

—*The Bystander* (London).

"It is true that America did not explain to the uninstructed public (when quoting some very misleading figures) the fact that she already had a superiority in post-war 10,000-ton cruisers, and claimed that our cruiser strength, built and building, was superior to her own. But she claimed openly that she had a clear right to a superiority in fighting ships, and the pro-American press in this country has been left speechless. That is the second thing to be thankful for.

"The Navy question, however, remains, and it is essential to face the issues. Able and sincere men, faced at last with the facts, are trying to persuade themselves that it is immaterial to us whether our battle fleet is equal in fighting capacity to that of the United States. War, they say, is impossible between the two great English-speaking peoples, and therefore why worry? It is not a question to be hastily judged. The issues are too grave. We can follow Holland into political exile, and equal for many generations her record of secure prosperity. But that course is not consistent with our character, our traditions, or the responsibilities we have assumed in breeding on an imperial foundation a people far beyond the capacity of our food supplies. The only question we can honorably consider is whether our present position in Europe and elsewhere can be maintained if we allow ourselves voluntarily and of our own free will to sink to the level of a second-class naval power. What is the record of other naval powers which have lost their pre-eminence at sea? One and all have passed into obscurity. The reason is not far to seek. Naval power can not be improvised; and a second-class power, if it be an island, has therefore no alternative but to accept without qualification the bidding of its superior. If England were to place herself in that position, how long could she maintain her Eastern Empire or the integrity of the Commonwealth? An Empire which can only move its Army with the concurrence of a rival, however friendly, has ceased to be an Empire."

Without the ability to protect her food supplies, it is then asserted, England does not risk her sovereignty—she loses it. Spain, Holland, France, and Germany have challenged her right to feed her people and to hold herself free to act as she will in the cause of civilization as she sees it, according to this writer, who continues:

"If we had ignored any of these challenges, the world would be the poorer by anything we have had to offer. That is all. Perhaps we have little to offer which is worth the price. But at any rate the price is one which we pay ourselves, and the choice is ours.

"Are we then to throw down the gauntlet to a great and friendly power and challenge America to competitive shipbuilding? Of course not. The statesman-like course is, however, clear. We will disarm on a basis of parity, ship against ship. If America will not accept a strict parity, by which I mean nothing more subtle than an identical number of ships of each class, then she can build as she likes, and when she likes. We, on our side, will do the same and hold ourselves free to make such alliances as we please. But the disarmament project must be carried through or put on one side. We must make the acceptance of a strict parity the condition of entering into any conference and leave the American people, of whom the overwhelming majority are friendly and pacific, to decide. And let us never forget that America is no longer a detached spectator of European quarrels. She is the great creditor nation, and creditors lose more than debtors in a universal bankruptcy."

An interesting examination of the matter is presented by the Winnipeg *Manitoba Free Press*, which assures us that if there be any impasse between Britain and the United States respecting naval armaments, it arises over the construction of cruisers. The British Navy requires, according to the experts, a large number of small cruisers to protect lanes of commerce, and especially cargoes of food stuffs, but, this daily goes on to say,

"It happens that cruisers of this type are of little value to the United States. Having few coaling-stations throughout the world, and separated eight thousand miles from the bulk of her

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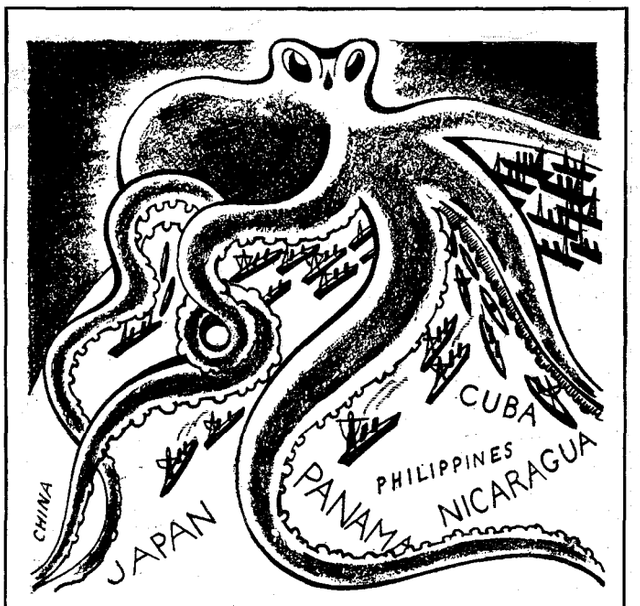
insular possessions, she needs the largest cruisers permissible under the Washington agreement, i.e., 10,000-ton cruisers carrying eight-inch guns. The two navies are in much the same position as British and American railway companies would be if they endeavored to arrive at a parity in the matter of steam-locomotives. It would be a waste of money for the American railway to buy or build locomotives of the English type. And the British railway company would find locomotives of the American type to be so many white elephants. The obvious course would seem to be for each nation to build the kind of cruiser best fitted for its naval needs.

"However, the problem is not so easily disposed of. The 10,000-ton cruiser is a near-battle-ship. If the two navies built cruiser for cruiser—the British small cruisers and the American big cruisers—the fighting force of the American Navy would be so much greater that all notion of parity between the two in the matter of armament would have to be abandoned. On the other hand, if the British and American navies had the same number of 10,000-ton cruisers, and the British had, in addition, a flotilla of small cruisers, the United States would have to give up her slogan of 'a navy second to none.' Further, if the United States were to waive this point, the cost of a cruiser fleet of these proportions would be beyond the resources of the people of Great Britain."

RUMORS OF A SOVIET COLLAPSE—An epidemic of reports that the collapse of the Bolshevik régime in Soviet Russia is imminent has prevailed in the anti-Bolshevik press in Western Europe, and we are told the event is hopefully expected by all enemies of the Bolshevik party. On the other hand, there are anti-Bolshevik journals which admit that on this occasion the prophets have more than mere hope on which to base their predictions, but they contend that the Soviet régime still has a long life before it. Such an opinion is voiced by a London weekly, *The New Statesman*, which says:

"The Soviet press itself does not conceal the facts that the internal party struggle has not been ended by the banishment of Trotzky, that there have been grave difficulties in the collection of grain, and that in various parts of the country there have been more or less serious outbreaks of anti-Semitism. These admissions have been made the most of by the pro-Czarist press in France and in this country. But they should be read with caution. Soviet admissions of economic and political difficulties reach this country in a highly colored form. Other accounts of risings and upheavals in Russia are always exaggerated and frequently invented. As his treatment of Troztky obviously shows, Stalin is a high-handed dictator who, like all his kind, has numerous enemies.

"But a Bolshevik dictator is not the same as a European dictator, and not even Lenin possest the autocratic power of a Mussolini. In Soviet Russia the supreme power is in the hands of the Bolshevik party. Lenin's death did not upset the party, and Stalin's disappearance would affect it still less. There is little evidence to show that the worker and the peasant are worse off than they were under the Czars, and none to show that they desire any return of Czarism. There is strong evidence that the situation in Russia is not nearly so bad as it has been described in the foreign press. Life there is difficult, and for the intellectual singularly unpleasant; but conditions which would not be tolerated in Western Europe have been much the same for the vast majority of the Russian people for the last fifty years."



A FRENCH JAB AT UNCLE SAM

"The paths of liberty and good-will followed by the United States."

—*Le Charivari* (Paris).

THE FASCIST DRIVE "BACK TO THE LAND"

TRUE TO ITS METHOD of drastic cure for any of the ills that may befall Italy, Premier Mussolini's remedy for repopulating country districts from overpopulated cities takes the form of a "drive." His brother, Arnaldo Mussolini, editor of the Rome *Popolo d'Italia*, is reported to have startled people by a recent article in which he said that "exodus from the cities will be facilitated in every way, and, if necessary, by coercive measures; and the same policy will be carried out to prevent exodus from the country." As tho to prove that the Premier's brother did not "speak in the air," writes the Rome correspondent of the London *Observer*, orders have been issued by the Prefect of Rovigo "disciplining the overcrowding in Rovigo and Adria," two Italian towns. This Prefect, we are informed by *The Observer*'s Rome correspondent, is in the vanguard of discipline, having taken over the administration of the property of "a negligent landlord" in the neighborhood, "in the interests of the landlord and of the nation in general." Overcrowding and immoral housing conditions are distressing features of the province, we are told, which the Prefect hopes to remedy by the following regulations:

"(1) Those wishing to emigrate from the country to the towns must obtain a permit from the police of their commune who will decide on the merits of each individual case.

"(2) Families living under unhealthy conditions in the towns of Rovigo and Adria will be sent back to their country district of origin within three months of the promulgation of these regulations.

"(3) The Podesta of the commune to which a family returns is to assist them in every way, from the moral and economic side."

It is then recalled by this correspondent that when Mussolini declared about two years ago that he "wanted a nation of peasants and soldiers," and that through agriculture rather than through industry, Italy was to achieve prosperity, a systematic course of propaganda and instruction was set going by the Government in order to diffuse modern methods of cultivation. The cinema proved invaluable, but we are advised:

"Now another difficulty arises. For the last ten years the big industries have drawn laborers from the land to the extent of 90 per cent.; this has raised the number of tubercular cases and of other terrible diseases, added to the overcrowding in the towns, and greatly weakened the old love of Italians for country life. The question of increasing population in all the towns calls urgently for some solution, as the law binding landlords not to raise rents beyond a certain level and not to dismiss tenants with the freedom of former times, will lapse in 1930. It would seem that the Government has no intention of renewing restrictions on landlords.

"To avert the housing crisis, as well as to help agriculture, renewed efforts are now being made to entice people back to the land. Better communications are being provided for out-of-the-way communes, and cinemas, wireless and club centers are being arranged by Fascist organizations. The Government is also offering prizes to agriculturists who, within the next three years, will have built the best type of farmhouse, and prizes to peasants for the best kept houses."

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THE TOURIST INDUSTRY: ONE OF FRANCE'S MOST PROFITABLE ENTERPRISES

GUIDE (to tourist group): "I now show you a rare sight in Paris—some real Parisians." —*L'Écho de Paris.*

FRANCE'S POST-WAR PROSPERITY

FRANCE LOST MORE than any other country through the war and gained only glory, is the remark often uttered by those who love France, but now we have new light on the commerce and industry of France since the war, and it is pleasant to learn that it radiates with the magic of "prosperity." With her total of exports in weight roughly doubled since 1913, notes the Paris correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, with the great bulk of her factories entirely rebuilt, and all the machinery in them new, with the volume of production greatly increased in most industries, with her tax burden, per head of the community, measured in gold values, only half that of Great Britain's, and with no unemployment, France now occupies a position of economic strength and prosperity that is unique in Europe. This, we are told, is the striking chapter in post-war economic history that Commerical Councilor Cahill of the British Embassy at Paris has written, in his report on conditions in France in 1928, to the British Department of Overseas Trade. This *Guardian* correspondent goes on to say:

"To take the evidence that Mr. Cahill provides on the volume of production of the leading French industries. The recovery of Alsace-Lorraine doubled France's iron ore capacity, and gave her supplies of potash of a potential capacity of 2,500,000 tons annually. In addition, the recovery of the two provinces increased her cotton spindleage by 25 per cent. (or 1,900,000 spindles), her cotton-printing machinery by 100 per cent., and her woolen and worsted industry by 20 per cent.

"France has, Mr. Cahill writes, become by far the greatest iron ore country in Europe; she has acquired potash resources far in excess of her consumption; compared with 1913, she has increased her coal output by one-sixth, doubled her coke output, and more than trebled her electricity capacity. She now produces more pig iron than Great Britain (whereas in 1913, Britain's output was more than four times that of France), and in 1928, France for the first time produced more steel than Great Britain (in 1913, her output was less than one-third of ours), and she has doubled her output of tinplates. The full story of her progress in engineering production, Mr. Cahill states, can not be shown in actual figures of output, but it is eloquently shown by her foreign trade, the returns of which show that engineering exports rose from 313,000 tons in 1913 to 1,469,000 tons in 1927. In the chemical industries universal progress has taken place. The chief textile trades tell the same story: silk output is nearly double, artificial silk sixfold, the woolen and cotton industries, despite changes in fashion that have curtailed clothing, and so diminished consumption, have either maintained or increased their output."

In the war, it is then recalled, ten departments of northern and eastern France—the richest and most important industrial region—were occupied by the Germans. The greater part of the industrial equipment and buildings in them was destroyed, but it appears that since the war these areas have been entirely reconstructed with the newest machinery, and the most up-to-date buildings. These great industrial areas of France are said now to be the finest and most efficient in Europe, and we read:

"Moreover, during the war the other industrial parts of France had to make up the loss of production from the occupied regions. The industrial equipment and productivity of these regions of France were consequently much intensified. In sum, therefore, France's industrial productivity has been enormously increased since the war. Now that the war ravages have been made good, France is not slackening her efforts.

"Take first the case of coal. During 1926-28, Mr. Cahill writes, the northern French coal mines have erected 500 new coke ovens, mostly in batteries producing 700 to 800 tons daily, all equipped for the recovery of by-products. Mechanical equipment of the coal mines has also been greatly extended. The production of the iron ore mines, which in 1925 was 37.5 million tons, rose in 1927 to 45.6 million tons. Potash production rose from 1.17 million tons in 1925 to 2.2 million tons in 1927. Pig-iron output has risen from 8.42 million tons in 1925 to 9.29 million tons in 1927, and for the present year an output of 10,000,000 tons is indicated. In synthetic dyes, France has become virtually independent of foreign supplies.

"In the textile trades, the greatest progress has been made in the manufacture of artificial silk. The cotton, linen, and woolen industries have also enlarged their mechanical equipment. Cotton-spinning spindles have been increased from 9.57 millions in 1925 to 9.77 millions in 1928; twist spindles from 1.30 millions to 1.44 millions; and power looms from 182,000 to 191,000. Virtually two-thirds of France's cotton-manufacturing machinery has been renewed since 1919. In flax-spinning, the equipment is almost entirely new. The woolen mills have also been re-equipped, owing to the devastation of the occupied regions, and it is interesting that the owners of machinery in the non-occupied regions have been forced to re-equip their factories with up-to-date machinery in order to compete with their rivals, whose old machinery, destroyed in the war, has since been replaced by new machinery of the latest type.

"France's post-war industry has not, of course, neglected those improvements in technical and managerial efficiency, and in the organization of production which are summed up in that unlovely, but very imposing modern word, 'rationalization.' Mr. Cahill provides abundant evidence that rationalization has made, and is still making, great progress in France. He also shows how very wide-spread is the movement toward combination in French industry."

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SCIENCE ▾ AND ▾ INVENTION

URGENT WORK FOR THE NEXT SEA-SAFETY CONFERENCE

PLENTY OF WORK IS CUT OUT for the international conference on Safety of Life at Sea, to be held in London next spring, thinks Rear-Admiral T. T. Craven, U. S. N., whose article on "Sea Safety," as told to J. Earle Miller, appears in *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago). Little progress has been made, he believes, in methods and equipment for saving life at sea, since the last international conference, in 1912, following the *Titanic* disaster. The coming session, arranged by the seafaring nations of the world, will include representatives of the American Navy, the Department of Commerce, and shipping interests. The United States and her allies during the war learned more about life-saving difficulties, says Admiral Craven, than might have been learned in a century of peace. He proceeds:

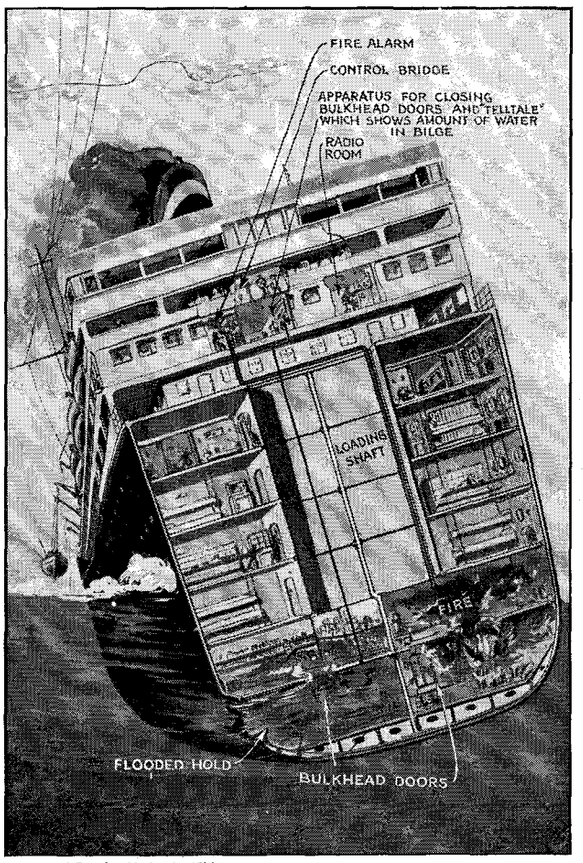
"As just one sample of what we learned, it was discovered that men leaping from upper decks into the water were frequently injured by their own life-jackets. It was this that caused our Navy to change from cork to the softer kapok.

"It is too early to talk about the faults developed in the *Vestris* tragedy, but it can properly be said that certain things should be done in the interest of the safety of passengers, and that they are all too often neglected. There is a human tendency to settle into a routine and accept danger as a matter of course, and ship officers are not exempt. The result is that life-boat drill, and the care and inspection of life-saving equipment, may become a mere perfunctory performance.

"Every ship carrying passengers should be so adequately divided into water-tight compartments that it would be practically unsinkable. In the Navy we never carry life-boats for more than half a ship's complement, and in time of war the majority of these boats are left ashore. We depend entirely on the vessel's water-tight compartments to keep her afloat, even tho torpedoed. If the Navy can subdivide a battle-ship to that extent, certainly a ship carrying women and children as passengers should be as adequately protected.

"Secondly, the equipment for pumping should be sufficient and so arranged that every compartment can be kept free of water. Telltale gages should be provided to show the amount of water, if any, in every compartment, and the ship also should be equipped with smoke and fire gages similarly arranged.

"The third requirement should be enough life-boats or rafts to carry every passenger. The question of the relative value of boats and rafts is still open, tho there is a strong opinion in some quarters that a raft is the better of the two. Passengers may be more uncomfortable on a raft, but you can dump rafts overboard when you can't launch boats, and they will float in most cases when the boats may be swamped.



Courtesy of *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago)

THE LINER IS FULL OF SAFEGUARDS

Artist's drawing of a modern vessel in cross section, showing some of the safety and emergency apparatus that can be called into service in case of fire, collision, or other perils.

"Fourth, I think there should be a much more adequate inspection of life-boats, their gear and equipment, than customary on many merchant vessels. I haven't traveled in many merchant ships but I have seen the kind of life-saving gear used in a few, and the manner in which it is often neglected. Frequent inspection and overhaul are especially necessary on ships traveling, as the *Vestris* did, through the tropics, where the hot sun dries out and rots both boats and gear.

"Fifth, life-boats should be adequately provisioned with food and water—changed frequently to insure freshness—and with the necessary navigating equipment of compass, oars, signal flares, and sail.

"Sixth, I would put the necessity of teaching every passenger how to don and adjust a life-jacket. War-time experience showed that sometimes life-belts were so poorly adjusted they became an actual menace, and often came off in the water.

"Next comes better drilling of the life-boat crews, at least to the extent of instilling some sort of discipline, in so far as that is possible, among men who sign for only one cruise, and may jump to another ship at the end of the voyage. Reports are all too common after sea tragedies in the merchant marine, as they were in the *Vestris* case, of undisciplined crews getting out of hand, rushing the boats, and leaving the passengers to perish.

"Finally, in view of the reports that shifting cargo had something to do with the *Vestris* disaster, it might be possible to extend the present steamship-inspection service for passenger-carrying vessels to include supervision of cargo stowing.

"The Safety of Life at Sea conference in London, next spring, undoubtedly will go into all these questions, and others, too.

"When the last conference was held, in 1912, everybody was using the old-time spark sets. Since that day, radio has progressed enormously, and a good part of the work next year will be the revision of the international radio requirements to utilize the new developments to the greatest possible extent.

"An automatic receiver which will pick up S O S calls and sound a warning, without requiring a radio operator to be on constant watch, is now found on some cargo ships, and a small transmitter, with hand-operated dynamo, has been designed for use in life-boats, the machine sending, as long as the crank is turned, a constant series of S O S signals. It can be operated by any one, as it requires no experience, and, while it can not send the life-boat's position, it does enable a rescue ship equipped with a radio direction-finding loop to guide itself to the spot.

"It is possible that these two inventions might have saved many of the *Vestris's* passengers, for newspapers related that a small freighter without wireless was within a few miles of the sinking liner, and passed on without knowing of her danger. Small freighters do not carry radio or maintain a constant watch

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if they do have one operator aboard, but an automatic S O S receiver might help to solve that problem."

Another development which has come voluntarily in recent years, but which the admiral thinks may be made mandatory by the conference, at least for large passenger liners, is the carrying of fairly big motor life-boats, capable of towing the ordinary boats, and equipped with a radio-sending set of good range. He continues:

"Such a boat, with the ship's wireless operator aboard, and an officer capable of taking the position at sea, can guide rescue craft and, even if the sea makes it impossible to tow the other boats, can keep near them and aid in picking them up when help arrives.

"One of the big problems to be considered remains the life-boat equipment and its handling. With the new-type davits, capable of handling two rows of nested boats, it is possible to pack considerable more life-saving equipment in a given space, but what is to be done when a vessel lists, as the *Vestris* did, and renders half that equipment unavailable, is a problem. Consideration has been given to proposals for moving life-boats across the ship from one side to the other, but a life-boat is a heavy thing, and hard to handle even under normal conditions. Give the ship a pronounced list, have it plunged about in a storm, and the decks crowded with frightened passengers, and the problem is well-nigh unsolvable.

"The officers may have delayed too long, as has been claimed, in sending out their S O S, but it is questionable whether any charge of inefficiency in the launching of the boats might stand. Once the situation becomes desperate and the boats have to be launched down the sloping side of a ship while the deck is crowded with passengers, including women and children, as well as men equally unversed in life-boat drill, the situation is almost hopeless, so far as saving everybody is concerned. A life-boat is a hard thing to handle in a heavy sea, even with a picked and well-trained crew. The tackle must be handled expertly, and then cast loose at just the right moment, or the chances are the boat will be dashed to pieces against the side of the ship, upset by one end being freed before the other, or swamped in the waves, if there is a storm.

"One thing that may come out of the *Vestris* tragedy may be a public demand, like the demand that followed the *Titanic* sinking, for still further improvement in ships and ship equipment and in emergency drills on the part of crews.

"If that demand is sufficient to be reflected in next year's international life-saving congress, it may go a long step toward making such tragedies less likely in the future."

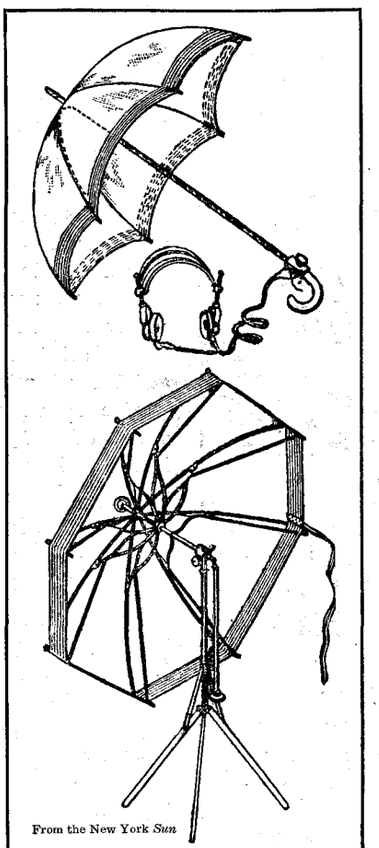
A PAIR OF SNAKES—The statement made by Curator Raymond L. Ditmars, of the Bronx Zoological Garden, New York, that snakes do not travel in pairs, is doubted by Emil Juergens, who writes to THE DIGEST from Los Angeles that he has frequently observed pairs of snakes. He says:

"While residing in a small settlement in Texas, called Content, where I taught school for eleven years, about three miles and a half south of Weimar on the Southern Pacific Railroad, I have observed that some snakes do travel in pairs. I refer to the diamond rattlers and copperheads. The former are rarely seen in that part of the country and are presumed to have traveled a great distance from counties further west and more rocky.

"I have encountered three pair of diamond rattlers of about the same size within five years. As for the copperheads, I have noticed pairs together more frequently and always of the same size. I have never seen more than two together. This is no snake story."

AN UMBRELLA RADIO SET

A RADIO RECEIVING SET simulating an umbrella has been invented and patented by Marcia Estabrook Taylor and John Bellamy Taylor of Schenectady, New York, we are informed in the radio section of the New York *Sun*. This odd receiver takes the exact form of an umbrella, including the cloth canopy, ribs, and handle. It opens and closes, and when in either position it is so cleverly disguised that the head telephones connected near the handle are the only visible evidence likely to betray its real identity. We read:



From the New York *Sun*

THE UMBRELLA RADIO

"The inventors admit that this strange contrivance is the result of that axiom of necessity being the mother of invention. The indoor coil and loop antenna manifestly are not so readily adapted to outdoor conditions, with the attendant adverse weather of rain or snow, and yet the compact coil or loop of wire is otherwise to be desired for service afield. The coil or loop antenna without its handicap of exposure to the elements was, as Shakespeare would say, to be devoutly wished. Hence, these two inventors modify this time-honored shelter so as to incorporate a complete radio receiver, including antenna and head telephones—using a crystal detector as an expediency in avoiding the necessity for batteries.

"The combination of these elements on a collapsible frame, with handle similar to the frame of an umbrella, furnishes a complete radiation-receiving apparatus without any supplementary connection. Such a portable receiver permits the operator to receive communication without interruption while moving from one place to another and, by virtue of its directional properties, affords a convenient and inconspicuous means of locating a radiation source by a process of triangulation from two or more observing points.

"The flexible conductors, or multiturn conductors, comprising this novel radio-receiver, are sewed to the edge of an umbrella cover, or otherwise incorporated in the insulative cover fabric. That is to say, the umbrella frame may consist of any kind of material. A common form of frame, however, has flexible metal ribs and stretchers assembled on a hollow steel rod. This rod serves to disguise and protect the insulated lead, while the rod itself acts as the other part of the circuit. The side of the circuit in electrical contact with the rod and ribs lead directly to the head telephones, while the crystal-contact detector connects to the protected side of the circuit. This arrangement permits of the grasping of the umbrella handle with the hand without appreciably changing the electrostatic capacity of the circuits on which tuning and strength of incoming signals depend.

"When this umbrella-radio receiver is closed, the flexible conductor occupies very little space, and yet when the umbrella is spread out it has sufficient surface area to intercept signals from near-by broadcasting stations and to actuate the instruments which render these signals audible.

"An additional advantage of the umbrella-radio receiver, is that the inductance of the coil may be adjusted by partly opening or closing this disguised umbrella. The central rod of the framework may be equipped with a scale or calibration for indicating the frequency or wave-length for which the outfit is tuned.

"By its very spectacular nature and odd formation, this umbrella-radio receiving set falls into the category of freaks. This is true whether it is employed as proof against a rainy day, while at the same time picking up programs from a local broadcasting station or as a novel advertising stunt. It is logically classified with the garter of a woman transformed into a receiver or a man's straw hat converted into a coil of wire, a tuning condenser and a crystal detector for the reception of music or speech from near-by broadcasting stations. There are other freak receiving sets—the coconut, on which is mounted a crystal and tuning device, a finger ring built up into a tiny receiver, and a walking-stick converted into a miniature radio reproducer—all falling into the category of novel, interesting, and occasionally entertaining, but withal freakish devices."

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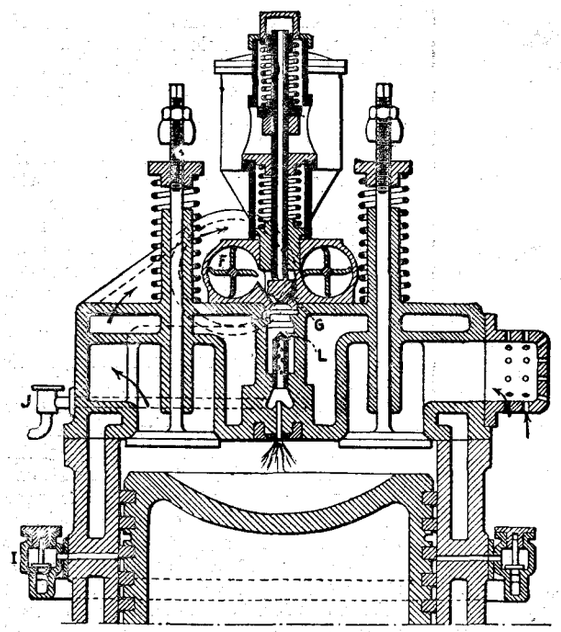
A COAL-DUST DIESEL

THAT THE DIESEL TYPE of engine does not need liquid fuel, but can be run on dry coal-dust, has been demonstrated by Rudolf Pawlikowski, who was associated with Dr. Diesel in the early days of oil-engine construction, and who "continued to experiment with the attractive idea of burning cheap coal in an engine," says L. H. Morrison, associate editor of *Power* (New York), who contributes an article on "The Coal Dust Engine" to that paper. Instead of spraying oil into the cylinder, very finely powdered coal is blown in, but the action of the engine remains much the same as when oil is used, Mr. Morrison writes:

"The success of the engine is due primarily to the design of the coal-dust fuel valve and to the use of a small charge of oil to



THE COAL-DUST DIESEL ENGINE

Design of the cylinder-head and fuel-feeding mechanism.

insure ignition. In former designs the coal dust caked and refused to enter the fuel valve. The constant flow of the coal and air mixture along screw conveyors eliminates this.

"One hesitates to predict a wide use of this type of engine, but it seems to have obvious advantages, in that either coal or oil can be used, depending upon the price of the two fuels. A standard Diesel can be altered to use coal-dust at a cost ranging from five to ten dollars per horse-power, depending upon the size of the unit."

From the editorial page of *Power* we quote the following comment:

"The internal-combustion engine avoids much of the steam plant's complication, but cheap liquid fuel is not available everywhere. Coal is more widely distributed than petroleum, and usually is much cheaper on a heat-unit basis.

"We have, then, the efficient, simply constructed internal-combustion engine using a relative costly fuel and the complicated steam plant whose inefficiency is offset by its use of a cheap fuel. It was the combination of the simplicity of the internal-combustion engine and the burning of cheap fuel that set Dr. Diesel upon the research that led to the Diesel oil-burning engine. His first choice, a coal-burning engine, was a failure—not because the idea was wrong, but because of his inability to deliver coal-dust into the cylinder. Efforts to make use of coal-dust directly did not end with Diesel's failure, for both here and abroad experiments have been carried on by a number of investigators.

"Out of this has appeared what impartial engineers declare to be a practical coal-dust engine. The Pawlikowski engine is workable, but the question to be answered is, What is its field of application?

"In plants of small horse-power the cost of fuel is not the large item—the labor cost is the important part of the operating cost, and a reduction of 50 per cent. in the fuel cost of a 200-horse-power Diesel plant would be not over fifty cents per hour. The gain would not justify the addition of a coal pulverizer and the necessary engine alterations, for the overhead on the cost of the change would be more than the fuel savings. The same argument applies to a small steam plant, in which a change to an oil-burning engine would offer greater savings.

"When plants reach a thousand horse-power, the coal-dust engine has possibilities. The fuel costs become important and the higher type of the operating force insures reliable service. Such plants, when located where coal is cheap and oil high in price, are the logical users of the coal-burning engine. Having an efficiency superior to that of the largest superpower plant and burning the cheapest coal, the coal-dust engine may become a deciding factor in the contest between the factory power plant and purchased energy."

INFLUENZA BAFFLES SCIENCE—Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent in the effort to solve the mystery of influenza, and more thousands are available for the study of the disease, but it continues to baffle scientists who have tackled the problem. We are still as helpless against this foe, says Science Service's *Daily News Bulletin* (Washington), as we were in 1918 and 1919 when it swept across the world in one of the greatest pandemics ever known. No one knows a thing about it—that is, not anything of practical value. No one knows what germ causes it, no one knows definitely how it is spread, and, above all, no one knows how to stop it. The writer goes on:

"In 1918 a commission was appointed to study this disease. It was hoped that with all the resources of modern science, which have been so successful in checking other diseases, a means could be found to check this one also. But for once science has had to admit defeat. The best scientists can do for us in the present outbreak is to warn us against contact with influenza patients, since it is known that the disease develops two days after contact with persons suffering from it. An attack does not give immunity, so those who have had it before must be just as careful as those who have not. Staying away from crowds is generally recommended, because in every crowd there are apt to be some people who have the disease, either recognized as such or thought to be a cold or grippe. Most epidemics follow closely along lines of travel. Influenza outbreaks, especially during great epidemics, occur simultaneously in widely separated spots, thus making it impossible to predict exactly where they will strike next. However, cities and towns on the direct line of through transportation by rail, motor, water or air from any of the present epidemic centers may expect an outbreak soon, regardless of the actual distance in miles. It is time distance and not space distance that counts in influenza. The motor tourist and the student returning for holidays are sources of danger."

BLEEDING GUMS UNNATURAL—The idea that the gums normally bleed when the teeth are brushed is an unwarranted superstition, Dr. W. M. Gardner observes in *Hygeia*. The gums, he says, are covered by a tissue that protects the more delicate underlying structures. The harder this tissue is brushed, the thicker it grows. Vigorous chewing of coarse food has the same effect. When bleeding does occur, a dentist should be seen for treatment, for bleeding gums are a danger signal. Correct and persistent use of a small stiff brush will stop the bleeding and prevent its recurrence unless the gums are diseased.

IN JULY we quoted an editorial from *The Scientific American* to the effect that the modern American sky-scraper should "measure its life by centuries." This was in reply to a British critic, Sir Edwin Luytens, who had supposedly predicted the early decay of these structures. Now it turns out that Sir Edwin was misquoted and made no such prediction, and the good opinion of the sky-scraper seems to be unanimous.

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A PLAY NOT FOR FLAPPERS

"YOU MUST TAKE YOUR BRAINS WITH YOU when you go to see 'Wings Over Europe,'" admonishes Mr. St. John Ervine in dealing with the Theater Guild's latest offering. "This is no play for boy friends or cuties. . . . Sex-appealers are recommended to go elsewhere." In fact nearly all the New York critics are similarly careful of the mental efforts of the ordinary theater-goer. Mr. Hammond of the *Herald Tribune* gives a cryptic warning in saying that the play, "written perhaps too learnedly for enjoyment by the outside throngs, will still pleasantly stupefy such of them who venture into it." To continue the warnings, let it be said that no women figure in person in a long cast, and only one or two are even casually referred to. There is stern business on hand, and the entire British Cabinet is called together to deal with the proposal of a young scientist, to whom even Einstein bowed the knee, that they adopt and make use of a remarkable discovery of his to regenerate the human race. This is no other than a solution of the nature and activity of the atom. The drama consists in the conflict of ideas as represented by the poetic youth and the varied types who control the destinies of a world empire. Shaw has accustomed us to dramas of discussion, so this variation from the normal type does not trouble the public that patronize the Guild. They seem to revel in "drama ringing in the clash of idea upon idea and singing with that music words make if they are hurled high enough." This phrase is Richard Lockridge's of *The Sun* (New York), who describes the fate of the young enthusiast in the lion's cage:

APPALLED AT POSSIBLE ANNIHILATION

Evelyn Arthur, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (Frank Conroy), exhibits to the British Cabinet the control which could, according to *Francis Lightfoot*, cause the destruction of Europe by atomic explosions.

"He comes to give the abundance of life to men. And he is met—you can imagine how he is met. Unbelief greets him; as it fades, there enter all those considerations of practicality which would naturally present themselves. The Secretary of State for War glows in the knowledge that here is a weapon which will give Britain unquestioned dominion; the Chancellor of the Exchequer wonders what the effect will be on credit; another distinguished statesman is perplexed by the results of all this to coal-mining. Very gravely the gentlemen of the Government ponder and consider; very earnestly they continue the contemplation of their own affairs, unequal to the realization that affairs as they know them have been abruptly obliterated.

"Baffled, unwilling to believe that his dream is not the bright thing to all it is to him, the genius who is the symbol of youth tells them over and over that life is changed. And those who finally understand, tell him that life is not ready for change.

"They tell him and they bring in men from the street to show him. Unready these men are for any larger life; unequal, even, to their little lives of to-day. But still, in impassioned speech, the boy cries his faith to these wise, practical men and, when that faith turns bitter, cries that if humanity is not ready for what he can give, humanity may as well vanish, and life get along as best it can elsewhere. He announces, in short, that he will eliminate the planet. And there, suddenly, Robert Nichols and Maurice Browne, the authors, discovered with a start that they had very nearly eliminated their play. The program of the youth seemed quite convincing and final; he had proved his point, and it remained only to press the button."

The third act remotely recalls some other plays that imagine the demeanor of a group of individuals confronted with an imminent dash into eternity. Up to this point, continues Mr. Lockridge—

"There had been no attention paid to those little, personal things which have a habit of making up life, and hence are likely to be useful in making up drama. *Francis Lightfoot* was a symbol, and many fine words had been thrown—but unfortunately there had not appeared anywhere a single character humanized by those silly small preoccupations which are, after all, our only real concerns. For the future of humanity can never engross any of us so much as the obviously quite absurd contemplation of what we will do to-morrow with our patently trivial selves. Then, to be more terse, the whole remained a little arid.

"Then the authors turned to the effect on the men who knew

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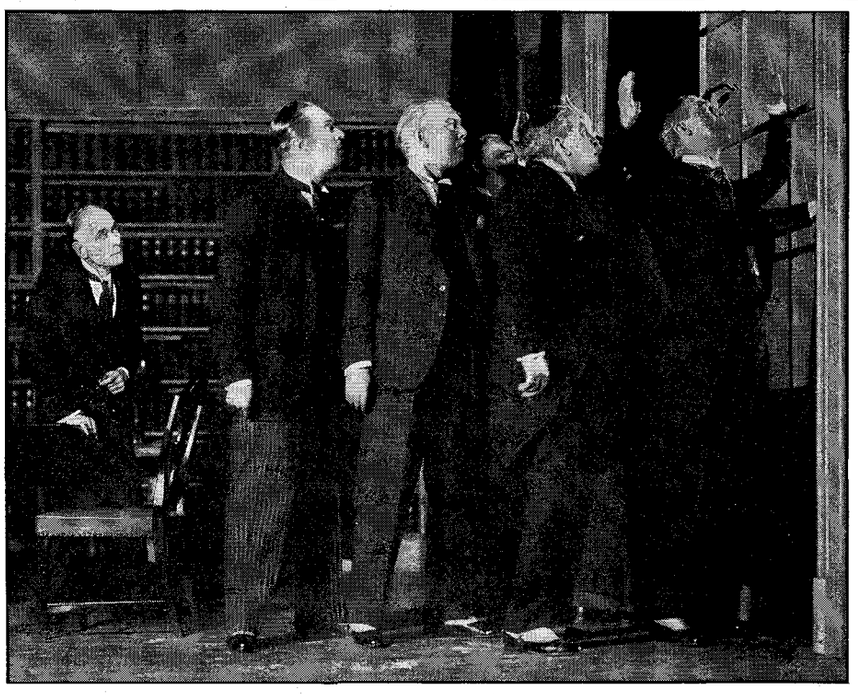
of this imminent dissolution. Now the consideration of the probable activities of men in such a predicament is not particularly new—I do not, you will understand, contend that even the problems considered earlier had been precisely new—but it remains a fascinating consideration. And then it seemed to me, surprizingly, that Mr. Nichols and Mr. Browne had just begun their play. Then they had the stuff of drama—the human stuff which is so absurd when you look at it from a distance. But that distance no one can keep who is writing a play; from that Olympian detachment no one can observe if he is writing anything.

"This study in human emotions was done fairly well, but it is always harder to do than are abstractions. And I was quite prepared for the murder of *Francis*—it had, indeed, seemed all along a very obvious solution of a pressing difficulty. It was not even surprizing that he died as a symbol still—a symbol of youth going down 'rose-crowned into the darkness.' And it was not half as touching as it would have been had he gone down simply as one young man. It was not even the more poignant that he dies as might die an angel of destruction which had spread wings over Europe."



DREAD WINGS OVER LONDON

The British Cabinet, having destroyed the inventor of their possible destruction, now gaze with dismay at airplanes which they have been told bear "atomic bombs," sent by a group of scientists who have divined the secret of the now dead *Francis Lightfoot*.

If the Sacco-Vanzetti play was disallowed in Boston, here is one that critics like Robert Littell (New York *Evening Post*) can not see permitted in England. He imagines there may be "bits in the perhaps composite portraits of British Cabinet ministers." Mr. Ervine (*The World*) has less doubt:

"One may amuse oneself by discovering identities in the cast of this play. *Mr. Grantley* may be regarded as Mr. Baldwin, and *Francis Lightfoot* as his Socialist son, Oliver. *Lord Dedham* and *Richard Stapp* can easily be compared to Lord Birkenhead and Winston Churchill, and *Mr. Evelyn Arthur* to Lord Balfour, despite his remarkable physical resemblance to Winston Churchill's private secretary, Edward Marsh. *Lord Sunningdale*, too, altho he looks like Lord Londonderry, is intended to personify Lord Lonsdale, who has never, so far as I know, been in a Cabinet in his life.

"These, however, are small matters, and neither add to nor subtract from the play. This Cabinet might be any Cabinet, and the authors, probably, prefer that it should be generally rather than particularly regarded."

Turning again to Mr. Littell for a final account:

"*Lightfoot's* speeches, prophetic, demonic, touched with hysteria as well as genius, are often magnificent, cutting to the heart of things with fiery questions and splendid aphorisms, but they were here and there a little too soft and purple for my taste. Alexander Kirkland played the part, I think, exactly as it was meant to be played, with a gorgeous wild-eyed fervor and unrestraint. I don't know when I have seen an actor throw himself into a part with more exciting abandon.

"In strong contrast was the acting of Ernest Lawford as the *Prime Minister*. He made a perfect job of it, a beautiful piece of lucid, flexible ease, and warm feeling, too. His fellow members of the Cabinet were excellent—twelve men, each of whom was alive and distinct. Particularly good were Frank Conroy, John Dunn, Frank Elliott, and Nicholas Joy.

"Rouben Mamoulian has directed this extremely stimulating fantasy—which is grimly real also if you stop to think about it—with a master's hand. The direction of twelve or more actors, all on the stage all the time, is a difficult feat, but Mr. Mamoulian pulled it off with a good deal to spare.

"This hasty account leaves much unsaid about so provocative a play. I will say only one thing more. Raymond Sovey's setting for the Council Room at 10 Downing Street was excellent."

"THE SCOTTISH LADY"

ANOTHER OF MR. PATTERSON'S SHIP PICTURES adorns our cover this week. We can imagine the delight Conrad would have taken in the original. Its kind is fast disappearing from the seas, and the biography of *La Escocesa*, furnished by the painter, is typical of ships of this character:

"*La Escocesa* (The Scottish Lady) was an iron ship built by Gourlay, at Dundee, Scotland, and was launched in October, 1868. She was a handsome little vessel of 969 tons, and was owned by Balfour, Williamson and Company, of Liverpool. Owing to several fast passages made by *La Escocesa*, one of which equaled that of the famous clipper ship *Young America*, a much larger vessel, her backers were satisfied that she could beat the latter vessel in a long ocean race. As both ships were loading for England, an actual race was arranged, and the two vessels left San Francisco on the afternoon of February 27, 1873, being accompanied to the heads by a tugboat crowded with friends. The *Young America* reached Liverpool on June 14, after a passage of 106 days, while her rival did not arrive at Cork until thirteen days later. It was stated at the time that fully $20,000 changed hands in San Francisco, and as much more in England, Captain Evans of *La Escocesa* being among the losers.

"*La Escocesa* then loaded for Callao, but before leaving Liverpool was sunk in the Mersey. She was raised, and continued for some years in trade between England and the West Coast of South America, with occasional passages to San Francisco. The ship was later changed to a bark and named the *Coalinga*, and in 1902 was purchased by the Alaska Packers Association of San Francisco, becoming one of the fleet of vessels operated by that company in the Alaska salmon-packing industry. Later, in connection with the plan of the company to have all their vessels named *Stars*, the name *Coalinga* was changed to *Star of Chile*. As the *Star of Chile* she remained in active service until September, 1922, later being converted into a barge.

"I am indebted to Mr. F. C. Matthews of San Francisco, noted marine historian, for these data. Too much credit can not be given to Mr. Matthews for his efforts to keep records of the great days of sail, and all those interested in maritime history of the clipper-ship days, later the days of ordinary merchant sailing vessels, are greatly indebted to him for a lifetime devoted to this work."

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A MASTER OF BEL-CANTO

AMERICA HAS PERHAPS HEARD all the great singers of the last half-century but one. That one was Mattia Battistini, who created the blank in this record. Prince of operatic barytones, his death is called by Oscar Thompson, of the New York *Evening Post*, "particularly and peculiarly a tragic loss to America." True, many Americans have heard him in Europe, notably our soldiers active in the World War, and to these "he was a figure comparable to Caruso or Chaliapine and regarded by many as a greater vocalist than either; if blest with no such phenomenal voice as the tenor and no such supreme dramatic gifts as the bass." Continuing with Mr. Thompson:

"Battistini's fame rested on the high degree of perfection he had attained in bel-canto, and hence was a fame almost unique on the operatic stage of his later years. His advanced age was commonly exaggerated, but there was enough that was remarkable in his ability to sing the rôles of his youth when he had ascended to the sixties; not only to sing them but to do so with an ease that some of his listeners found tending even a little toward the mechanical.

"Battistini was nearing seventy-one when he passed away suddenly on November 7 in his villa near Rieti. It was only about two years ago that he sang his farewell appearances. For those who persisted in increasing the number of his years, he had been in the seventies for a decade or more before his death; but the fact seems to be that he was born on February 27, 1858. He was, therefore, only eight years older than the still youthful Antonio Scotti, who takes his regular turn in the week-to-week repertoire at the Metropolitan; whereas for years Battistini had husbanded his resources for a limited number of special performances, alternating between opera and concerts. America has had a perdurable rival for Battistini in the tenor, Dan Beddoe, who has conserved similarly the best qualities of his voice, tho at an age comparable to that of the famous Italian when he carried out his intention to retire."

Keystone View Company photograph

HE DID NOT YELL, HE DID NOT BLEAT!

Standing between their concert directors are Clare Dux and Mattia Battistini. The latter, up to old age, exhibited a type of singing now almost extinct.

The example of this singer is recommended to young aspirants of to-day, but his like is not to be found, and his manner is not much cultivated:

"Preserving the voice in concert and in opera may be described as two very different things, but one of the explanations of the resistance of Battistini's voice to the ravages of the years was to be found in the amount of what might have been regarded as concert singing he did in opera. He had, to begin with, a type of production rare among either opera or concert singers to-day—that of a tone which floated into the head, with an exquisite pianissimo of the same vital quality as his full voice. This full voice, indeed, often seemed merely an intensification of the pianissimo, something in accord with the old Italian traditions, but to be sought for in vain among the big-voice singers of to-day. Battistini was a dramatic barytone, not a lyric singer of songs, but he achieved his dramatic effects through reenforcement of the tone and emotional coloring, not by throwing all thought of production out of the window. He did not yell, he did not bleat, he avoided the glottis stroke, he knew that there could be more of passion or sorrow in a beautifully turned musical phrase than in all manner of panting and sobbing.

"Foremost of his virtues was the command of a long-breathed legato. He did not wabble; his voice was vital without the curse of the vibrato. His was a straight-line tone. There is scarcely an Italian singer at the Metropolitan—save the one who most resembles him, Giuseppe de Luca—who could not with profit have modeled upon Battistini. Instead, several of those most richly endowed have too obviously patterned after Caruso, and in doing so have imitated the Caruso sob, the Caruso gasp, the Caruso way of driving the upper tones—the great tenor's besetting faults, rather than virtues. Perhaps they have not realized that what can not be had by imitation is the Caruso voice."

Battistini's career made him known to almost all of Europe, but his one fear was the sea:

"Stories of Battistini's dread of the ocean after his early voyage to South America; of his return to Oscar Hammerstein, unsigned, of a contract in which the manager left to the singer the privilege of naming his own remuneration; of a decision only a half-dozen years ago to accept a proposal for a concert tour in this country which was rescinded just as his agent was about to announce it; of his independent means and his unwillingness ever to be crowded into taking engagements that implied any degree of physical discomfort, have been related many times when his failure ever to visit these shores has been discust. He was one of the few great artists of the last half-century who placed other considerations above the material success to be won on this side of the Atlantic. Apparently, he did not feel that his career was in any way incomplete through his never having evoked the shouts that would certainly have greeted him if he had come to the Metropolitan. Russia, Spain, Portugal, France, England, and Germany had acclaimed him, and in his native land he was often referred to as 'La Gloria d'Italia.' In his long career of song he had created many rôles and had seen countless operas vanish into oblivion. In spite of his years, 'Don Giovanni' remained one of his most notable parts and his 'Rigoletto' was always in demand."

SUMMUM BONUM—Doubts of our modern civilization, exprest in the New York *World*, leave the reader a choice of the highest good:

"It is true, as *The Times* says editorially, that on the breakfast tables of modern newspaper readers are daily spread more achievements of science than were offered to mankind for cycles in the past. But it is also true that years and cycles ago, he could dally at the breakfast table for an hour or two without having to read three of four papers in three or four minutes. . . . Not that we do not think that mankind has advanced a millimeter or two in the last million years. Not that we don't believe that the American troops at Valley Forge would have suffered less during that cold and cruel winter if they had had a few radio sets."

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RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

IN FAIRNESS TO THE COLLEGE BOY

THE MUCH-LIBELED STUDENT OF TO-DAY is actually a moral being, and he is quite as moral as the student of an earlier generation, according to Dr. Charles Franklin Thwing, President Emeritus of Western Reserve University, whose long experience as an educator and observer of youth entitles him to be heard on this much-mooted subject. Under the title, "The Long-Suffering Student," Dr. Thwing reviews in *The World's Work* the differences in the status of the student of to-day and of yesterday, and finds, what will be to the solace of numberless parents, that the student of to-day fares much better than did his father, and, what is more to the point here, that he is not the wild, harum-scarum, hard-drinking, immoral youth so many suppose him to be. "He has a clear idea of what fundamental morality is," writes Dr. Thwing. "He knows the perils of the infraction of high ethical standards. He recognizes the worth and even the glory of observing those standards. To the one vice to which young men are peculiarly tempted he is less subject than were his forebears." The health standards to which he is accustomed aid him in resisting appetite. Physical exercise adds to his strength. "Sexual mysteries give less allurement, for the mysteries have become less mysterious. If the moral commandments are less commanding, the damnable foolishness of indulgence has become more emphatic and directive." This is rather more cheerful than the conclusions quoted in these pages December 22.

THE NEW LEAF

"The most practical, beautiful and quotable New Year's poem I know—and one which I use every year of my life in some manner," says Dr. W. L. Stidger of the following verses in his "Question Box" in *The Homiletic Review* (New York). He does not know the author.

HE CAME to my desk with quivering lip,
The lesson was done.
"Have you a new leaf for me, dear Teacher?
I have spoiled this one!"
I took his leaf, all soiled and blotted
And gave him a new one, all unspotted,
Then into his tired heart I smiled:
"Do better now, my Child!"

I went to the throne, with trembling heart.
The year was done.
"Have you a New Year for me, dear Master?
I have spoiled this one!"
He took my year, all soiled and blotted
And gave me a new one, all unspotted,
Then, into my tired heart he smiled:
"Do better now, my Child!"

In the matter of drinking, Dr. Thwing says that opinion is divided, but that in his own opinion intemperance among college men is becoming far less common, and his observation covers more than fifty years. He hears contradictory testimony, of course. He hears of the hip-pocket flask and of unseemly behavior at parties. "But taken all in all, in country colleges and urban, in institutions large and small," he writes, "intemperance has, in the last fifty years, and in the last ten, distinctly lessened. College students, both individually and as groups, are usually sober. Of course they are. Reports coming to me, indicating a lack of soberness, apply largely to general social functions and not to college parties." Again, then:

"The college man is still fundamentally religious. Of course he is. Most men are fundamentally religious. But, not to be content with such a platitude, let me hasten to say that he is less inclined to declare his faith than was his older brother. He hesitates to accept the historic creeds, even one as broad as the Apostles'. His articles of belief are based less on ecclesiastical covenants than on the four Gospels, and perhaps less on the four Gospels than on a philosophy that, under the guidance of the professor of psychology, he has worked out for himself.

"He meets the crisis of the skeptic of having doubts regarding the realities of religion. He fights his doubts. In and from the fight he gathers strength—religious, theological, ethical, metaphysical. He comes out of the battle victorious. Of course there are students to whom and in whom the skeptical mood is characteristic. Doubts vanquish their faith. But the typical college man is a man of a religious belief, broad yet firm, fundamental yet flexible, personal, and well-buttressed. The result is a treasure that he guards with care. The result is more than a treasure, it is a fighting and glorious force for his life."

The abolition of required attendance at college chapel, begun more than a score of years ago, and now somewhat general, has not had the deleterious effect so generally feared, thinks Dr. Thwing, and he tells us:

"The special reason for the spread of the voluntary method is found in the unremunerative character, for students, of the service. It has too often been made formal, deadly, and deadening. The students, therefore, have revolted against it. For certain reasons students were justified in their revolt.

"The members of the faculty, or whoever led the daily service, should have made that service intellectually quickening, morally strengthening, and of religious vitality. They did not succeed in this high and hard quest. In most colleges the service is still maintained. The service has become of greater worth to those who do, of their own preference, attend, but the number is small. The chapel represents an elective privilege, and the students do not elect."

In conclusion, Dr. Thwing finds that—

"The college man expects to give his best—his best in mind, heart, conscience, will, personality—to life. He expects to work hard. He expects to do his duty, and he demands that he be allowed to be his own judge of what his duty is. He expects to enter into a life and into a changing civilization that is dynamic, and not into a life and a civilization stabilized or static as was the one that his father knew. He expects that the service that he gives to life is to be inspired by the highest motives, to be wise in its methods, to be filled with the noblest devotions, and to be useful to his generation. He expects to meet life's experiences in the spirit of reasonableness and with a cheer; and to conclude those experiences with a smile on his face, with a song of gratitude on his lips, and with a sense of humble self-contentment in his heart."

Another reassuring picture of modern youth is painted by Miss Jane Addams, head of the Hull House of good fame in Chicago, who, notes the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, denies the theory that the immature of the country are bound for the pit. Among those with whom she comes into contact she finds that there is not so much smoking and drinking as among the so-called upper class of society. Miss Addams, says *The Post-Gazette*, "will probably find many to support her in the claim that the tone of general society to-day is on even terms with that of any preceding generation. Those who strive to shock are very much in the minority. Quiet, forceful young men and women, who will be found at the helm of affairs by the time they reach middle years are not being diverted from their missions in life by noise or notoriety."

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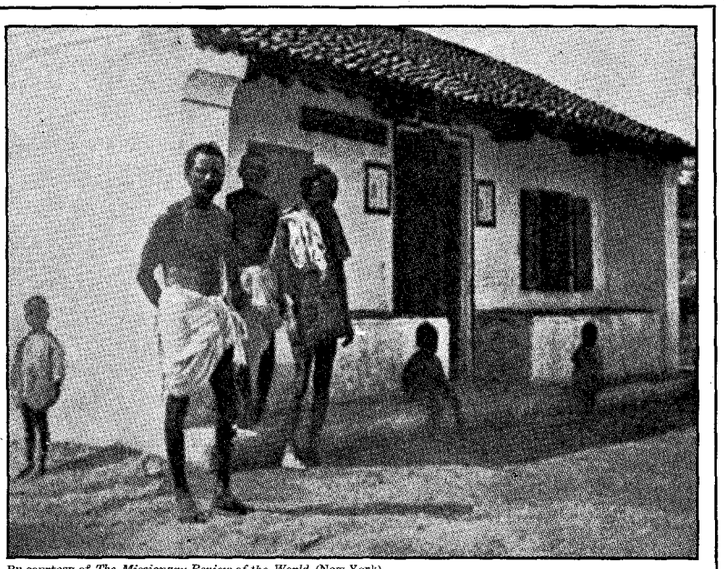
TOUCHING THE "UNTOUCHABLES"

CHRISTIAN TEACHING IS gradually undermining the caste system in India, according to report, and the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) tells us that boys and girls in the mission schools whose parents could not walk the same streets or draw water from the same well as the parents of their schoolmates have demonstrated possibilities of culture and character which could not be gainsaid and have taken their own respected place in the life of their communities. The Christian teaching of practical human equality and the demonstration of it in the persons of hundreds of individuals from this "untouchable" section have wrung from the leaders of the Hindu community, we read, a tardy recognition of the necessity of modifying the caste system at this point. The Maha Sabha, the most powerful organization in Hinduism, says *The Advocate*, recently adopted resolutions to remove untouchability. Some of them are quoted, thus:



By courtesy of *The Missionary Review of the World* (New York)

HUMAN, BUT "UNTOUCHABLE"

A group of the lowest of the low, in India's social scale. Under the influence of the Christian Gospel, the Hindu leaders, we are told, are now attempting to remove the social stigma which custom has placed upon these unfortunate people.

"1. This Hindu Maha Sabha declares that the so-called untouchables have equal rights with other Hindus to study in public schools, to take water from public wells and other sources of drinking water, to sit with others in public meetings, and to walk on public roads. The Maha Sabha calls upon all Hindus to remove such restrictions as may be existing anywhere at present in the way of the so-called untouchable Hindus exercising these rights.

"3. This Maha Sabha calls upon Purohits [Priests], barbers, and washermen to offer their services to the so-called untouchables also.

"4. This Hindu Sabha is of opinion that every Hindu to whatever caste he may belong has equal social and political rights.

"5. This Maha Sabha appeals to all Municipal Boards to provide healthy quarters to the so-called untouchables, especially the sweepers, and directs the local branches of the Hindu Maha Sabha to draw special attention of their local boards toward this matter.

"6. This Maha Sabha looks upon the practise of nomination of the representatives of the deprest classes by the Government to the Local Bodies, Provincial Councils and the Assembly as most harmful and injurious to the true interests of the country and considers that this practise will become a source of creating a great gulf in the near future between other Hindus and the so-called untouchable classes. In the opinion of the Maha Sabha the right course to stop this practise is to put forward and back proper candidates belonging to the so-called untouchable classes to the elected bodies named above."

This change, notes *The Advocate*, may be due in some degree to the principle of self-preservation:

"For it has for some time been admitted by unprejudiced students of missions that if the mass movement succeeded in Christianizing the untouchables, Hinduism was doomed. But the change is due in even greater degree to the power of the Gospel with its emphasis on the value of individual personality. Slavery has gone down before the might of this doctrine, and every form of caste which puts one group 'permanently' under the domination of another is destined to share the same fate.

"*The Indian Witness* cautions those who read these resolutions not to suppose that old customs will be changed overnight. The West knows only too well the difference between voting for a platform and living upon it. Yet the significance of the unanimous adoption of such resolutions is undeniable. As testimony to the silent and irresistible power of the Gospel, it is convincing."

ONE FATHER TO HIS SON

WHAT SHALL I TEACH MY SON about religion? The question may occur to many God-fearing fathers for whom the old theologies are not an answer, and who can not formulate their own beliefs in an orthodox creed. Such a one makes reply in an anonymous article in *Harper's Magazine*, in which he tells us how he is raising his son John and teaching him not only how to care for himself and earn a living, but how to enjoy his leisure, how to observe the social arts and graces, and something about religion. The last, says this anonymous writer, is a problem that stumps more conscientious parents than almost any other. To begin with, this father is convinced that a parent should instruct his child in what he believes to be the truth about religion, and let the rest of the child's life-contacts work any changes that may adapt his ultimate religious beliefs to his own particular temperament and needs. "Whatever my own faith," this father says, "I should not try to force upon my child parts of that faith which I had become convinced were merely folklore or fable. I consider that dishonest." As to his own belief, he writes:

"I was raised in a Methodist home on Jonah and the Whale—straight. Personally, I no longer believe in Jonah and the Whale. I no longer believe in the Virgin Birth. I no longer believe in the physical resurrection. I will not mouth the Apostles' Creed at church, because I can not do it honestly. I am not very sure what I believe about God.

"But—I think there must be a God, and I think the man or woman who is not seeking God and living with a sense of reverence and a reaching up to a Higher Being for guidance and spiritual companionship and stimulus is going to fall short of the richness of life that might be his."

So he wants John to "see God, not through ancient forms or Old World fables, but as a living reality of the current year." The father tells us:

"John is sent to a Sunday-school where, with the best of intentions in the world, and to the best light of the modern Sunday-school teacher, he is filled with a somewhat modernized version of the old stuff. I do not think it is doing him any harm; but neither do I think it is relieving his parents of the responsibility of his religious education. I am simply marking time, watching for some means or occasion to come along to teach him how to search for God, as the printing-press is teaching him some of the principles of finance. He does not particularly need God yet, so I am not fretting my spirit. But I am watching for signs."

In a general way, the writer tells us, this is what he aims to teach John about religion when the time comes:

"That history teaches us that men have always needed a

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God to look up to and emulate, to turn to with their troubles—and their joys. That the peoples of different countries of this world have needed different kinds of Gods, because the physical and climatic conditions under which they live, and the temperaments with which they are born, have made their problems and their cravings different; and so they have pictured and handed down to their children God-ideas that helped them to live, and that eased some of the pain and suffering of their lives.

"In order to make these God-ideas more real, most peoples have required a symbol in the form of a person. Hence Buddha and Mohammed, and Christ. When studied with an open mind, the lives of all of these characters, and the ideals they represented, have much to commend them, much that is fine and noble and inspiring. But comparing one with the other, and against the needs of a world prone to troubles and heart hungerings, Christ seems to me to stand above the rest in the spirit and practicality of His teachings, and in the fineness and wholesomeness and helpfulness of His life. His religion is worth tying to, even if it be true, as many claim, that He was not divine, and even if the miracles were not as miraculous as the Gospels make them out to be. The God He preached is a Father-God, worthy of our love and respect, a wonderful partner to have in one's life. No matter what one's neighbors think, or whom they worship, a God that warms the heart and makes one want to give one's best is a pretty safe God to whom to tie.

"This is what I aim to teach my son John about religion. The opportunity will develop as John develops. Meanwhile, I am not salving my own conscience or dodging the responsibility or the inevitability of the situation by leaving it entirely to the Sunday-school."

WHO KILLED GOLIATH?

DAVID DIDN'T KILL GOLIATH, Moses didn't write the Pentateuch, a whale didn't swallow Jonah, Noah never had an ark, and so on and so on, according to a "New Commentary on the Holy Scripture," just published in England by some of the most learned and devout scholars of the Established Church. The book, edited by Bishop Charles Gore, is declared to mark "an epoch in Biblical criticism." Now this is news fresh from the griddle, but, as a matter of fact, there is nothing very new in it, for one of our own denominational journals points out that these modern contradictions have been taught in our seminaries for a quarter of a century, and that they are generally accepted by all modern clergymen. There is no reason, then, it is remarked, for the laity to be shocked or disturbed by these revelations. While skeptical regarding many Old Testament narratives and certain Gospel miracles, these English churchmen accept as overwhelming the evidence for Christ's resurrection.

According to a special cable to the New York *Times*, they recite:

"'We know that the beginnings of mankind reach to an immeasurably earlier period than Genesis indicates,' they say. 'The origin of the legend of the Deluge probably was a disastrous flood in Babylon. Collecting pairs of animals from all quarters of the globe in one place would be impossible, even if an ark could have been built capable of containing them. Any fertile spot in Mesopotamia could have furnished the basis of the Garden of Eden.'

"Regarding Babel, the authors say that the difference of language was the result, not the cause, of racial diversity.

"Methuselah's longevity was physically incompatible with the structure of the human body, they continue. Melchisedec was not a priest of the true God but a Canaanite deity, and the Pillar of Fire might have originated in the custom of carrying a burning brazier before the army. They can not say whether Moses on Sinai was only a dramatic picture or founded on a thunder-storm.

"They have serious difficulty in accepting the Second Commandment as original, because images were widely and not condemnedly used in the worship of Jehovah until the eighth century. A parallel is drawn between Balaam's ass speaking and Achilles's horses foretelling their master's death. Belshazzar's feast is held to be irreconcilable with what is declared to be the historic fact that there was no King Belshazzar.

"The statement in II Samuel 21:19, that Elhanan slew Goliath is more historical than the assertion that David killed him.

"Regarding the Old Testament miracles, attention is directed to what is called the Semitic habit of exaggeration.

"The Biblical narrative of the raising of Lazarus, however, 'is accepted with all its implications as the climax of all the miracles of healing.'"

It must be admitted, says *The Churchman*, a liberal Episcopal organ, that all this is news to the rank and file of Americans, even in our churches, which "is not an altogether enheartening commentary on the American pulpit." Every theological seminary of any standing in this country, we are told, has been teaching for a quarter of a century almost everything contained in the new commentary. "Nearly twenty-five years ago," it is recited, "a popular magazine carried a series of articles called: 'Blasting at the Rock of Ages.' The author threw his readers into several varieties of spasms by his assertions that the Christian faith was being undermined in colleges and seminaries. The devastation was being wrought by precisely the same conclusions of scholarship, with certain minor variations, which are incorporated in this apparently highly exciting commentary." No modern-minded clergyman trained in any reputable theological school during the past twenty-five years will view such statements as news, goes on *The Churchman:*

"But clergymen are a very small portion of the newspaper-reading public. And we suspect that many carry a heavy responsibility for not revealing to their congregations, by one method or another, the well-defined conclusions of modern Biblical scholarship. The very fact that such news stories are printed in the daily press is a striking indication of the futility of their fears of 'disturbing the faith' of their congregations. The natural reaction of educated church people to such fears must be a growing distrust of the pulpit as a dependable teaching medium, and a probable sneer at its timidity."

MORE SOWING AND LESS SEWING

THE FOUR MOST DANGEROUS FOES of the Church, says a Philadelphia pastor, as he is quoted in *The Reformed Church Messenger*, are "indifference, indecision, intolerance, and inactivity." And, comments *The Messenger*, few will deny that these enemies are forever with us as long as half the membership of the average church does not attend worship with any degree of regularity, and one can count on the fingers of his hands the members of a congregation really carrying on the Master's work. "It would be folly," we are told, "to deny that indifference is slaying its thousands, and when one counts up all those who are guilty of indecision and intolerance and inactivity, it makes a list of formidable proportions. It is obvious that a church thus handicapped faces a difficult and apparently hopeless problem in its attempt to meet all the challenges of the hour." *The Messenger* presents evidence from another source:

"In an address, for example, to the Protestant Teachers' Association in New York, United States Attorney Tuttle pointed to the terrific crime bills of the nation and the obvious tendency in our country to disregard law, and told the 2,000 teachers who were present that the 'comfortable' churches were, for the most part, 'regarding religious education as a subsidiary thing,' and were spending too much time in keeping sewing circles and other petty institutions going. When once it is recognized that the urgent need of the hour is a new and different point of view in the religious education of youth, the Church will take children beyond the parish and give them a spiritual interpretation of life. This would be the real adventure and the major enterprise of the Church if we woke up to the situation, and only in such training can we find adequate means of checking crime. Our vast army of criminals has destroyed since the war more than was destroyed during the war, and there is more crime and fraud in this country than in any other. Our crime bill runs over ten billions of dollars annually. The nation must, therefore, look to its religious teachers for salvation from this terrible mess. Will the Church meet this challenge? Not if it fails as the teacher of youth."

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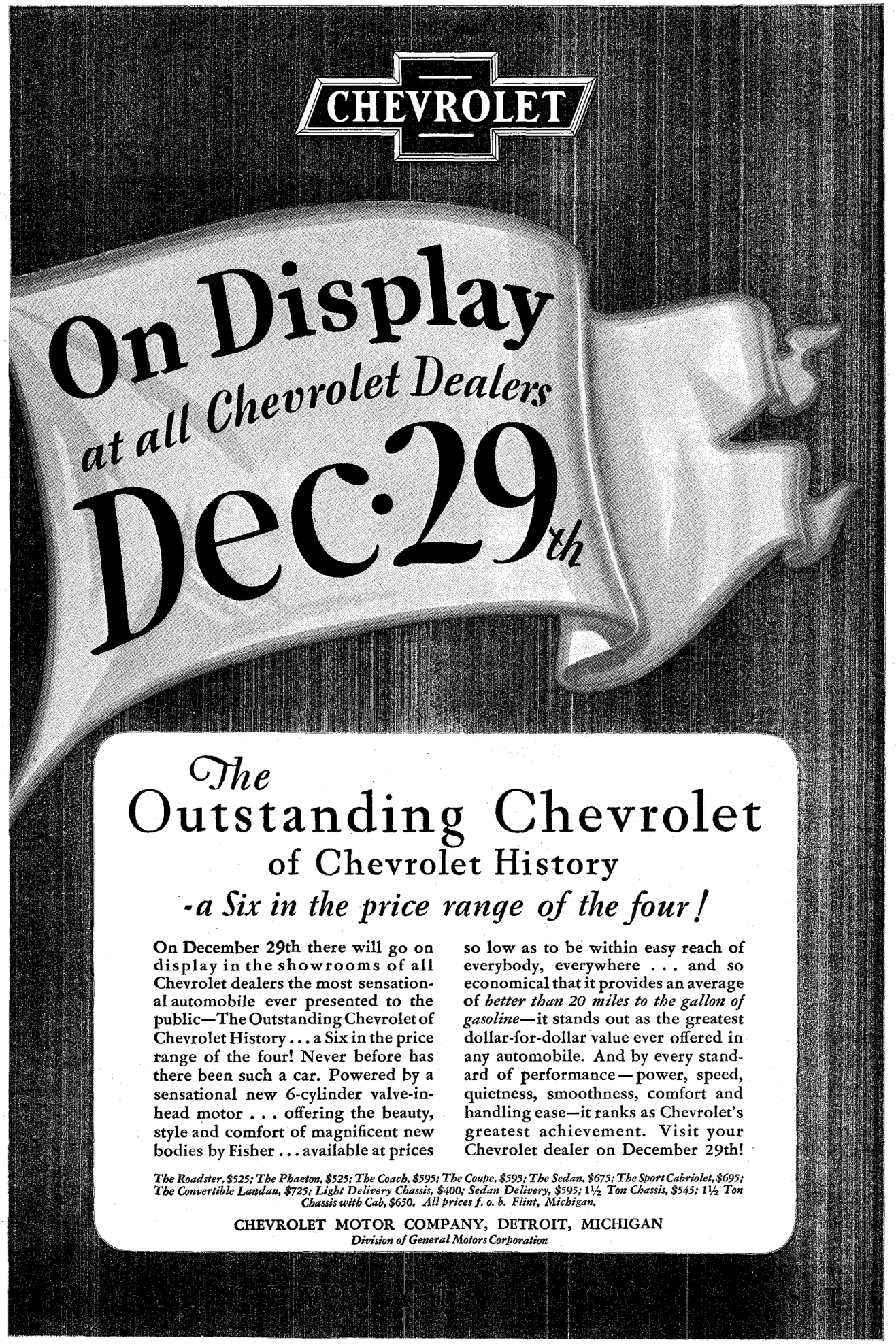

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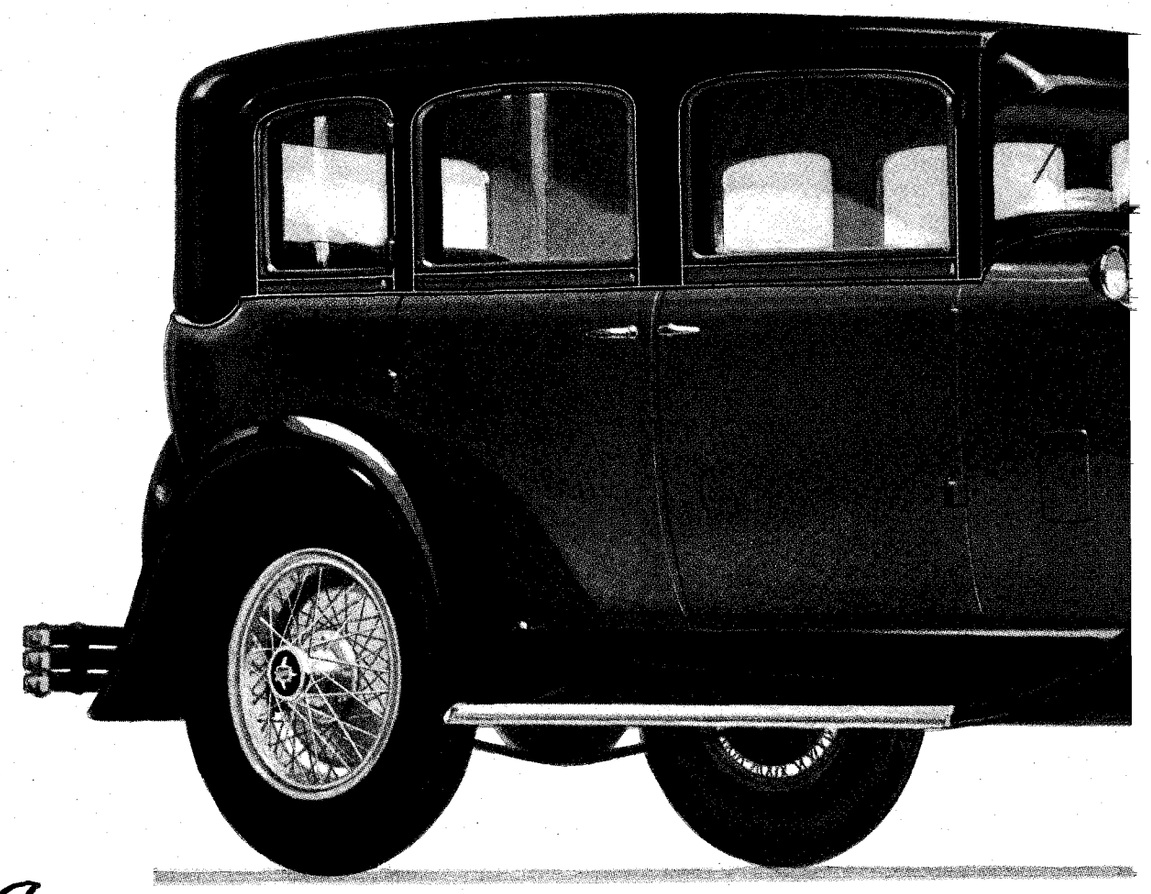

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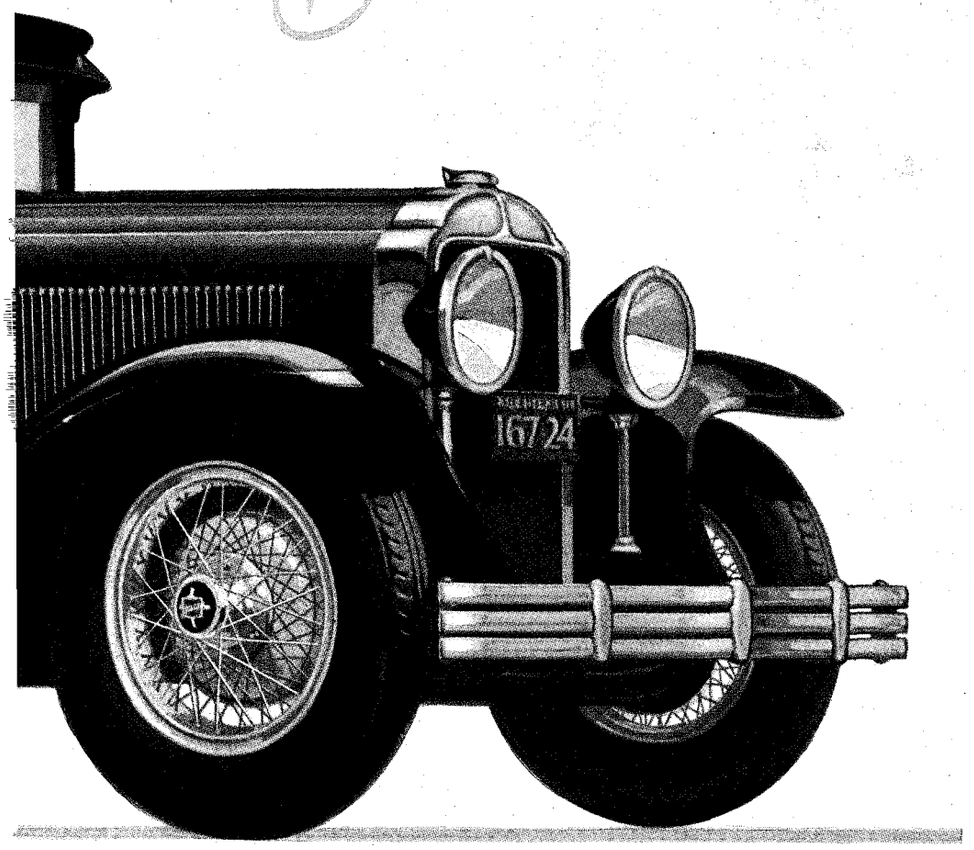

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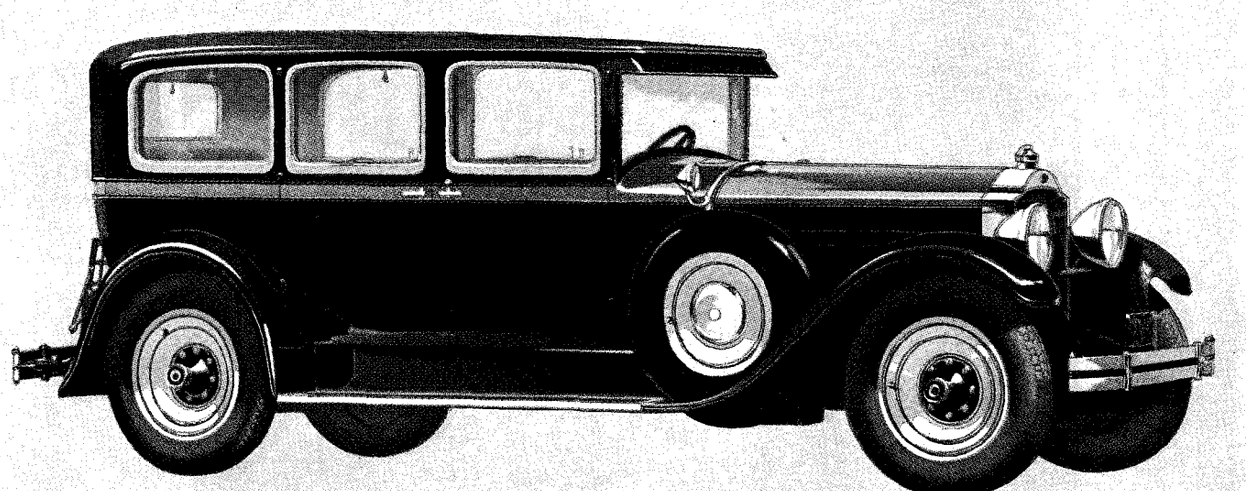

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CURRENT • POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

PAST all philosophies and negations Mrs. Sill turns to one sure foundation of Faith in her "The Hell-God, and Other Poems" (Harold Vinal, Ltd., New York).

FAITH

By Louise Morgan Sill

How may my soul approach Thee, my Creator,
For it must speak?
May it entrust unto the evening wind
The burden of its heart, and so may find
Communion with Thine ear? Thus let it be,
For it must speak.

The heart of man may sink beneath the load
Of sorrow and despair, with tears and groans,
Or bitter silence. But that heart may sink
As deep beneath the heavy weight of love.
And as great harvests bend the yielding wain,
Or wine-skins burst with richness, so the heart
Sometimes is near to bursting with its love
For Thee . . . .

For Thee who made all lovely things that are—
The star in heaven, the flower in the grass,
Music, and silence, and the peace of sleep;
The dewy morning in a garden, webs
Of spider artisans; and wavering fish
In the deep-hollowed spring, so calm and cool;
The sun's uprising, and the slow advance
Of genial day; the reddening of fruits,
The sucking bee, and little sucking babe;
Life and its comfort, and the joys of Love—
For these and countless things the heart is laden
With love for Thee.

But shall we love Thee only for all these?
'Twould need no faith. We must forever love
Thee,
Though other things Thy wisdom has decreed—
In our poor momentary ignorance
Here on this earth—we can not understand.
For Thou hast made the armored ugliness
Of somnolent and sly-eyed crocodiles,
The poisoning serpent, and the withered bat,—
The vermin that we flee, and all disease,
Pestilence, and all chemic rottenness,
All gangrened wounds in hatred-breeding wars,
All floods and storms and earthquakes and disasters,
Born of Thy laws inviolable,—and, too,
That last long cry from His man-broken heart
Of Christ upon the cross . . .
All, all are from one omnipotent hand,
The one omnipotent wisdom.
A single awful step the soul shrinks back.

And then comes light:
For what know we of mortal life save this?—
It is the prelude that we know to death.
And what know we of death, except it be
The end of something or the great Beginning
Of something greater? All we know is trust,
And trust is born of love, and love of God,
And we were given what we call our reason
In order thus to reason back to love;
For all the child knows is the love he feels
For those who gave him being, and Him he loves,
And reverences and forever seeks,
His Father and his God.

Two widely varying moods are treated in *The Commonweal* (New York). Schoolboys may relish the first:

PORTRAIT OF A CHAUCER PROF

By Ernest Hartsock

Both tall and pale is he, and stooped and slender,
And like a stork for longitude of leg;
His voice is tremulous and thin and tender;
His head is bleak and radiant as an egg.
A nose he has, full "tretys," like a horse,
And eyes as green as any prioresse
(For in his manner there is nothing coarse)
And he is full of moral jokes, I guess!
He never catches on when pupils ask
Derisive questions timed to halt translation,
But stops and painfully pursues the task
Of settling every trivial disputation.
So when the course is through, none has learned much,
And students still think Chaucer wrote in Dutch.

NOT THE SCARLET RAIN

By Anne Blackwell Payne

Not the scarlet rain of leaves,
Nor the sudden drops of spring,
Nor the sharp, impatient sleet,
Not the fall of anything

Is so beautiful to me
As the steadfast, quiet words
Of a grave December sky,
Lusterless and stripped of birds.

Slowly, softly, flake on flake,
Overwhelming field and fence;
Hushing every house and street
With the strangest eloquence.

Winter needs no warrant now;
Words of laughter and dismay
Die before this white defense,
Leaving nothing more to say.

Here is a rewriting of one of Tennyson's Idylls, and perhaps as good for the brevity. In *Poetry of Today*, a *Quarterly* "*Extra*" of *The Poetry Review* (London):

LAUNCELOT ALONE

By Margaret Ormiston

Alone, at last, in the friendly dark,
Free from those prying eyes!

What did she say when I took her hand and kissed it
(Her white hand!)
"My Knight, Sir Launcelot, forget not this our journey,
For I shall not forget!"
(And her hand lay quivering in my palm.)
Forget—no,
Not while the strong life surges through my veins,
Not while each heart-throb cries out, "*Guinevere!*"

O King, my friend!
Why did you send me, me, to bring her to you,
The Beautiful, your bride to be!
You call me your right hand,
And surely in all else I have served you well.
Am I to blame
If love, this burning love, has come between us?
Does a man, then, owe his soul and heart,
With his life-blood, to his King?
No, Arthur.
Look to your own—if you are man enough to keep her
She will be true:
If not yours, then mine,
Mine!

O soft hands, ripe lips, white throat,
I faint for longing of you!
My Queen, do you yearn for me too in the darkness?
What is faith, or this they call loyalty, to come between us two?
I laugh at them—I break them: twigs,
No more!

And yet, O Arthur, why am I your friend?
I would I were your enemy:
I would that I knew nothing of this fellowship,
This noble company of yours!
You aim too high:
We are bound to earth and tethered with ropes of steel.
Yet you are kingly, and a fighter:
A man can follow you, and feel no degradation:
I would die for you.
But this—is it sin—well, one sin in the course of a warring life:
And if you know not of it, 'twill not grieve you!
Ha, sophistry!
This is my battle-field, here, in my wild heart.
Has Launcelot turned coward?
No, even though I break my vows, though I deceive my friend,
I will not deceive myself.
It is a vile thing I aim at, and my honour's a straw!
So be it, then:
I cast off duty, faith, for Guinevere—
Love, take me, I am your slave!

Yet, Arthur, Arthur!

Mr. Griffith, in *Palms* (Guadalajara, Mexico) supplies some more modern additions for the Greek Anthology. Some of his earlier efforts were translated into Spanish by Muna Lee, and praised in Porto Rican papers.

GREEK GESTURES

By William Griffith

Socrates

I pay myself a drachma a day
For standing room in the gazing world,
Only to see myself acting in others.

Xanthippe

Zeus, what have I not endured,
To keep Socrates presentable!

A Distinction

That Bytus basks in the sunshine of favor
And has no enemies,
Helps to distinguish him from Socrates.

A Marathon Veteran

Now that I am scarred and halting, Heracles,
Suffer me thy polished portico
Wherein to linger and listen to song and dance.
Enough of the battle!

An Answer

Being asked why he dwelt so meanly
Diogenes regretted that he deserved
No worthier dwelling.

Change

I, Lais,
Once reckoned fair among women,
Hand thee my mirror, O Cypris . . . .
It has grown cruel.

Sappho in Exile

Mitylene is a fable!
Alcæus, even Atthis, how shadowy!
What time the sun takes in setting!
Life looking backward!
Love gone.

In Sicily
Are violets, rosemary,
Frail tamarisk,
And doves that moan.

Eros

Who but Eros
May lift a heart so lightly,
Or step so tenderly upon a soul!

Discovery

Success
Is a quaint betrayal.

Admonition

Let us live swiftly in the sunshine:
Eternity is in the shadow.

Echo

What I have heard and repeated to-day
Would break hearts, and heal them.

Icarus

I, the pioneer,
Leave the air to a better pilot.

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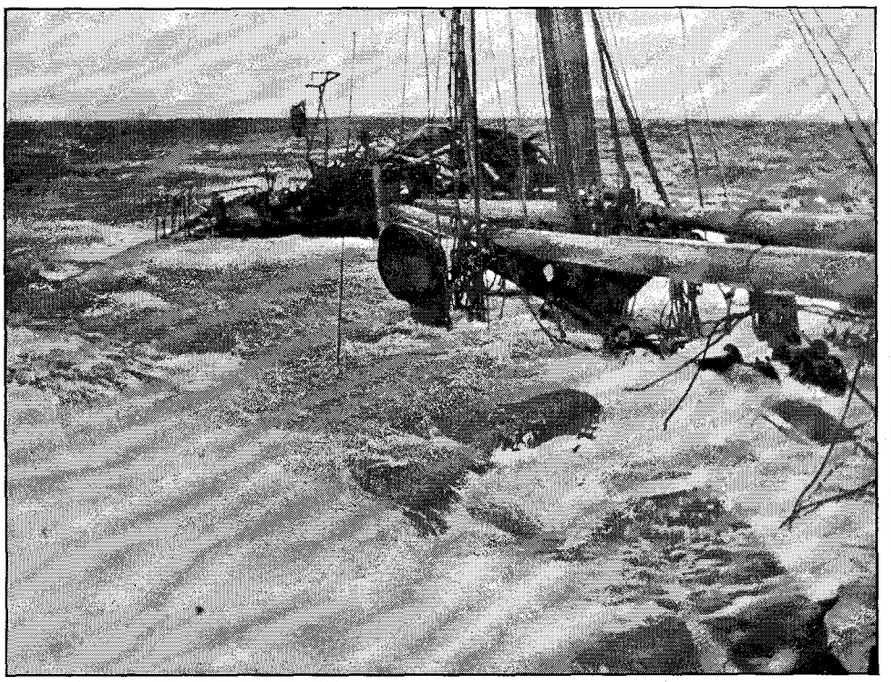
PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

DECOYING U-BOATS WITH MYSTERY-SHIPS

"S O S SUBMARINE SHELLING ME," wirelessed the innocent-looking blue-funneled freighter, adding such later bulletins as "Submarine overtaking me," and "Help, come quickly." But these babbling appeals, which it was hoped that the pursuing U-boat would pick up with its aerial, were only a part of an elaborate comedy of war—a comedy plentifully crimsoned with tragedy—by which a British mystery-ship was maneuvering to decoy a German undersea raider within sure-fire range of its carefully masked armament. The genius of the game required that no shots should be wasted by the mystery-ship. It must endure everything, revealing nothing. It must deliberately lay itself open to the stroke of the torpedo itself, with all the risk of death and destruction therein implied. Its apparently demoralized crew—the visible part of it—must take to the boats in tumultuous panic, leaving their concealed comrades to suffer untold ordeals of fire, smoke, and wounds. All this, in order to make absolutely certain the destruction of the Kaiser's U-boat, when (its commander's caution at length relaxed) it should venture to expose itself on the surface within range of its burning and sinking victim. And then—ah! the swift transformation of the clumsy merchantman into a ship of war with the naval ensign flying! The magical disappearance of false screens and the unmasking of batteries which spat fire! The whole palpitating comedy and tragedy of it is now unfolded to the world, in authentic terms, by one of the chief actors in the development and handling of the mystery-ships—Rear-Admiral Gordon Campbell, V. C., D. S. O. According to an editorial note in *The World's Work*, which prints his copyrighted narrative in two parts, concluding with the December number, the secrecy of his war exploits, coupled with his modesty, kept him long silent, but "so many fantastic yarns have been woven about his exploits in luring submarines to destruction that Admiral Campbell has decided to tell his own story." The mystery-ship idea was in its infancy when he, an aspiring young lieutenant, was introduced to his first command, of which he tells us:



Illustrations by courtesy of *The World's Work* (New York)

GOOD-BY, *DUNRAVEN!* THE LAST OF A HARD-FIGHTING DECOY

Shelled, torpedoed, and with her magazine exploded, this mystery-ship, commanded by Admiral Campbell, sank after being taken in tow by a British destroyer, which rescued her shattered crew.

My only instructions were to proceed to Devonport, where I would find a collier called the *Loderer*. On arrival at Devonport I awaited the arrival of the ship from Cardiff. She arrived a few days later, well filled with a cargo of coal. My first thought was, "Fancy commanding a thing like that!" She looked at first glance thoroughly filthy inside and out, but she also looked a typical tramp, and the more I thought of what our game was to be, the more I got to like her and feel that she would be an excellent ship for the job. After her arrival, I received verbal instructions from the Admiral Superintendent of the dockyard to "fit her out," and had placed at my disposal three 12-pounder guns and a Maxim.

I was given a free hand as to how I proceeded, and could ask for anything I wanted except guns, which at this period were somewhat scarce. I think the independence of the job was one of the great attractions of mystery-ships; it was not like going to a ship that is built on a more or less standard pattern and carrying out a well-known routine. Here was something "out of routine," and every thought was directed to dealing with new problems, some simple of solution and some extremely difficult.

I don't think I was ever actually told I was to go "hunting" or "decoying" submarines, but my *raison d'être* seemed fairly obvious, and the less said the better, secrecy in a job of this sort being of vital importance, since, if the enemy got to know of our existence and had a description of us, all attempts to decoy him to destruction would fail.

The ship was the ordinary type of tramp steamer, of 3,200 tons, 325 feet long, with a beam of 45 feet. She was a very old ship in every way, and her maximum speed was barely eight knots.

The first decision to be made was the position of the guns. The largest gun, 12-pounder, 18-hundredweight, was placed aft in a special structure that represented a steering-engine house. A small steam pipe was led aft from the real steering engine, which was amidships, and taken over the stern. This, with steam continually puffing out, added to the belief that the house contained an engine and not a gun. The three sides of the house were all hinged half-way down, and only the back or foremost end and the roof were fixtures. The center shutter was connected to the ensign staff and so arranged that when the shutters fell, the ensign staff, together with any ensign that might be flying, automatically came down before fire could be opened. All the shutters were so fitted that they would have fallen outward unless held up, so that by connecting a wire to them all and bringing the wire to a "slip" inside the house, all that had to be done when the order to "open fire" was given was to knock the slip off, and the gun was in action a few seconds later.

Abbreviating the Admiral's account somewhat in its technical details, we summarize the placing of one 12-pounder gun in the center line of the vessel and the remaining two on the main deck, one on either side, "the sides of the ship being cut and hinged." Further:

The Maxim gun was placed in a hen-coop on the boat deck

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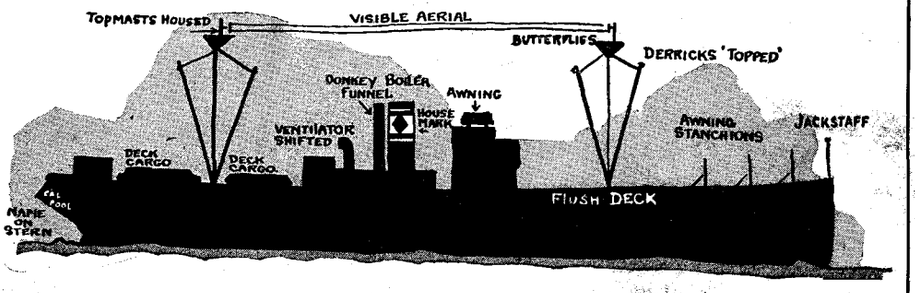
near the funnel. The hen-coop, which was covered on top with light tarpaulin, was hinged half-way down, enabling the Maxim to be brought rapidly into action on either side of the ship. Together with the Maxim were also some rifles. Two 6-pounders were placed, one each side of the bridge, the corners of the bridge being hinged together with the bridge screens, and easily pushed aside before opening fire. These guns were the only ones that were visible to the ordinary person walking about the ship, and therefore had to be taken down in harbor or when a pilot was coming on board.

Each gun had a good supply of ready ammunition, the reserves being in lockers on the mess deck, always a source of danger in the event of our being torpedoed or shelled. It was practically impossible to arrange to bring any supply of ammunition for the two 6-pounders to the bridge from the magazines (lockers), as the supply would be seen being carried up. So these guns were dependent on what was placed ready for use around them. In fact, this really applied to all the guns, as a submarine would almost certainly either have escaped or been destroyed before all the "ready use" ammunition could be fired. Every position in the ship was connected by voice pipe with the bridge, and at a later date an electric bell was also fitted to give the "alarm." Telephones were suggested, but I decided to reduce electrical gadgets to the minimum, and found voice pipes and percussion firing more fool-proof and reliable.



A FEW SHIFTS AT NIGHT AND, PRESTO! 'TWAS A NEW SHIP

This diagram shows Admiral Campbell's first decoy steamer after the quick-change artists of her crew had disguised her looks. The diagram below shows her as she left port.

As merchant ships of this type seldom had wireless in those days, it was necessary to disguise the wireless aerial. This was done by having it fitted as an ordinary single stay, or wire, between the two masts, the feeder to the wireless-room coming down through the upper bridge like a pair of signal halyards, real signal halyards being also fitted. A sad calamity nearly happened through this one day, and I was only just in time to prevent a pilot from attempting to tie his pilot flag on to the "wireless" halyards. As a message was being passed at the time, he would probably have been electrocuted had he attempted it. Anyhow, the incident showed that the disguise was good, and the pilot never knew what a narrow squeak he had had. A wireless house had also to be built as near the bridge as possible, and therefore we put it under the chart room, so that direct communication was possible for getting signals through rapidly.

There were no proper store-rooms on board for provisions, and these had to be kept on the main deck; nor were there any heating arrangements or refrigerators. Inasmuch as the ship was employed in both hot and cold climates, it will be appreciated that she was not very comfortable.

Infinite care had to be taken to deceive the nautical eyes of the German submarine crews, some of whom had been English Channel pilots. For instance, "a mystery-ship cruising continually in the same waters would soon arouse suspicion if sighted more than once, perhaps steering north one day and south the next." Hence a system of overnight disguises, of which we read:

If the ship was on a steady course, say from Plymouth to Gibraltar, the disguise was not necessary except in the event of an unsuccessful action. In the early days this was a comparatively simple matter, as ships displayed their own funnel and house marks. With a good supply of paint and with ready-made frameworks of all shapes—diamonds, triangles, etc.—we were able to belong to a different company each day, or as often as necessary. But, in 1916, nearly all British ships were painted alike and showed no distinctive color on their funnels, nor flew any ensign, making this disguise of no further use.

Another fairly simple disguise was to fly neutral colors, a very old and perfectly legitimate *ruse de guerre*, provided your own national colors are hoisted before opening fire. This guise necessitated carrying the suitable ensigns, special lights for night, and big boards with the neutral colors painted thereon for fitting over the ship's side.

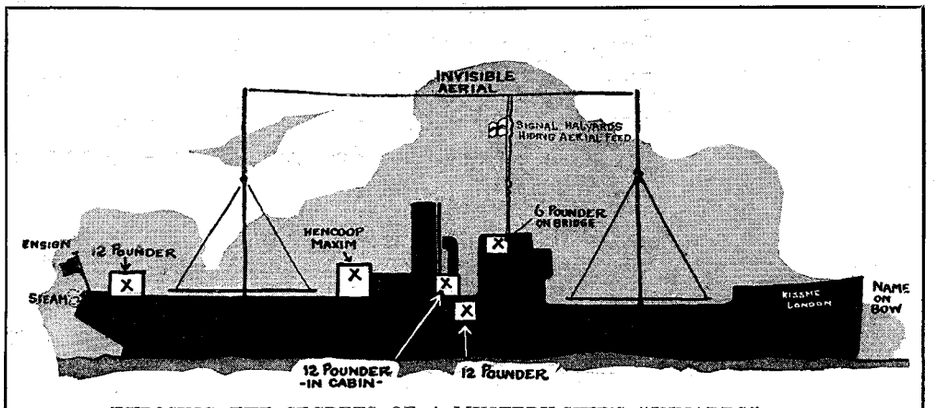
The top masts were telescopic, and we could either be a stump-mast ship or a ship with a top-mast. Spare yards and trestle trees were also carried, and could be put up or taken down; likewise a crow's nest. The derricks could be stowed in different positions.

One of the best "dummies" we had was a large wooden "donkey-boiler funnel"—a funnel that is frequently seen in a ship either just before or just after the main funnel. In our ship the real donkey funnel was inside the main one, so that our dummy one gave us three disguises—either we had none at all, or else we had one in front of the real funnel, or one behind it. It was naturally a pretty heavy affair and was troublesome getting "fixt." When not in use it was stowed along the boat deck.

I told one distinguished retired Admiral, who commanded a Q-sloop, about our dummy donkey-boiler funnel, and he went one better. He had one made with a slit near the top, and just big enough for a man to squeeze inside. The funnel therefore served the double purpose of a disguise and a hiding-place for a lookout who, I believe, was connected with the officer of the watch by a bit of wire attached to his finger, so that as the officer walked up and down the lookout got his finger pulled and couldn't go to sleep!

Another good disguise we had was to make the ship into a "flush deck ship." In the plan it will be seen that there is what is called a "well deck" between the bridge and the forecastle. But by apparently building up the ship's side, which was done by stretching a bit of black canvas across, tautly laced to a wire, this well deck was filled in, and the ship seemed to have a straight deck the whole length.

All the disguises and dummies I have mentioned were assumed in a comparatively short time, sometimes an hour, sometimes a whole night. In addition to these more or less minor disguises we had ready a disguise of a major order, to be used (as it eventually had to be) in the event of an unsuccessful action when we were certain we had been seen. This disguise consisted of turning the vessel into a timber ship. We carried sufficient timber to board up the ship the whole way round; and this, together with a coat of light gray paint, stump masts, and neutral colors, completely altered the class of ship. This disguise was also popular, as the timber was only outboard, so we could do what we liked inside without being seen. We also carried a motor-boat on board, which was often more trouble than it was worth. It



EXPOSING THE SECRETS OF A MYSTERY-SHIP'S "INNARDS"

The positions of the masked guns are indicated in this sketch, showing an alternative nautical make-up.

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seldom ran, and on one occasion caught on fire, but it came in very useful for helping with disguises, as it could be stowed in different places, and we had a large crate, suitably marked, made to cover it entirely if desired.

It is commonly believed that the crews of mystery-ships were specially picked; as a matter of fact, they were drafted in the ordinary way, and as the duty on which we were going was kept very secret, I think the drafting officer thought the men were really going to an ordinary collier. I was certainly not imprest when I first saw my crew. There were fifty-six of them all told. On going through them, I found that not a man had ever steered a ship in his life, tho one Irishman told me he could steer well enough with a tiller.

Going ashore in "plain clothes" had its advantage as far as naval patrols and restrictions for men in uniform were concerned; yet, at one port to which we went, the men complained that the girls wouldn't walk with them because they were in "civies." One or two were attacked with white feathers, so we got permission to wear the Dockyard Badge in our buttonholes, which said "On War Service." This led to a great deal of amusement at times. On one occasion at Pembroke I was in my "get up," had grown a mustache and no beard, and was wearing my war service badge, commonly known as a "dockyard matey's badge." My own cousin, who happened to be there, didn't recognize me, and being in uniform himself was most indignant, and wanted to know who the—— I thought I was when I went up to shake hands with him.

I was the only one who had been brought up to "strict Navy," and most of the others rather thought that discipline was associated only with smart uniforms and "spit-and-polish"; while now, here we were all, officers and men alike, in dirty rags, saluting and other marks of respect being conspicuous by their absence. In addition to this, the ship itself had always to look the "dirty old collier." Now it is well known that a dirty man-of-war is seldom if ever an efficient one, so this added to the difficulties, which were overcome by realizing that our upper deck and outer appearance were only part of our disguise, whereas the living spaces and gun houses were our real selves and, therefore, clean. In fact, we combined an outward appearance of slackness with an inner soul of strict discipline.

When going in or out of harbor, the outward appearance had to be natural—no leadsman heaving the lead, no "brass hats" with megaphones, surrounded by buglers and messengers, no groups of men "fallen in" admiring the scenery. All we had was Mr. Mate in his bowler hat and the chippy chap (carpenter) on the forecastle, a few firemen (stokers) lounging about on the well deck, smoking and spitting, a steward or cook with an apron, emptying slops over the side, the Master and one other on the bridge, and some one near our ensign to dip to the White Ensign.

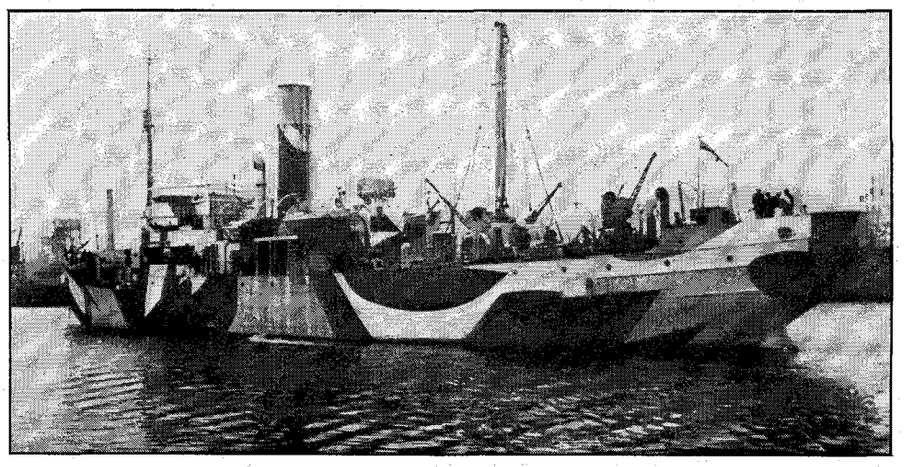
Cruising at sea, the same sort of positions were taken up, except that Mr. Mate would be busy with a few men on whatever was required; if approaching harbor, this would be getting the derricks ready for discharging cargo. We always arranged at sea that the men employed on odd jobs should be men near to their "action stations"—for instance, a man was required for repairing the bridge screen, he would be a man who belonged to the 6-pounder crew there.

In the early days of the war, the Admiral reminds us, Masters still used to take their wives with them, and he, therefore, had one of the men drest as a woman, who used to sit below the bridge; and "sometimes he would carry in his arm something to represent a baby." Reading on:

Having arranged our normal way of cruising, the next thing was to prepare to meet and engage the enemy. The alarm sent all the guns' crews who were not already there to their guns, and every man to his station, all the movements taking place unseen and underground as it were, by the alleyways and traphatches; obviously, you couldn't have about twenty men running about the deck and disappearing into hen-coops!

The panic party had to be thoroughly drilled and the whole performance rehearsed. All those men who had been hanging about the upper deck rushed to the boats, men also came tumbling out of the forecastle and up from the stokeholes and engine-rooms; everything was pandemonium, mingled with shouts for help. We did not imagine that the shouts for "help" would be heard from the submarine, especially if she was submerged—but I thought it would add to more realistic acting of the play than a sort of "dumb charade." A rush was made for the boats, and one boat was generally let go "with a run," end up. This happens sometimes even in the best-regulated families.

The officer in charge would come to the bridge and swap hats with me, taking my gold-banded hat and becoming Master. He would be the last to get into the boats, accompanied by a stuffed parrot in its cage. The stuffed parrot was one of our after-



SPEAKING OF DISGUISE, WHAT PRICE THIS CAMOUFLAGE?

In appearance this is a typical war-time tramp; in reality it is (temporarily) *H. M. S. Saxefage*, all dolled up in the innocent-looking trappings of a mystery-ship, to lure submarines to destruction.

thoughts, and we kept it in the saloon in a beautiful green cage. Sailors generally have some pet. Many pets were suggested, but after much discussion in the mess, a parrot won the day. After the boats had shoved off, a grimy stoker would appear from the stokehole, shouting and yelling, and a boat would go back to fetch him. The boats would now lay off the ship to see her finish. The boats contained about thirty men, and were rigged as a complete ship's company, with a proportion of officers, seamen, firemen, stewards, and cooks. The ship would now be to all intents deserted, but in reality all the guns would be manned, the chief engineer and his party in the boiler-room and engine-rooms, the captain and quartermaster on the bridge, and a signalman ready to break out the White Ensign.

Owing to a rumor that the Germans had learned something about the *Loderer*, she was given a new name—*Farnborough*. And now we pass on to her first brush with a submarine, which had submerged soon after being sighted by the mystery-ship. Reading on:

So, with the guns loaded, their crews concealed beside them, the man on the bridge watching for the next move of the enemy, and the disinterested crew of this "tramp" lounging about chatting and smoking, we waited, wondering whether we should be attacked by gun or by torpedo. The wait may not have been very long by the clock, but it was terribly long to those on board. The answer came at seven o'clock, when the track of a torpedo was seen approaching, which we made no attempt to avoid. It was fired from our starboard quarter, a bad position from the submarine point of view. The bubbles of the track passed under the forecastle, which meant that the torpedo had just missed us ahead.

We, therefore, maintained our course and took no outward notice, as a tramp steamer (at that time) could not be expected to know what a torpedo track looked like, and in any case the "look-outs" would be neither numerous nor very bright at that hour of the morning. We could have escaped with ease, if we had been an ordinary steamer, by putting our stern toward the submarine and steaming off at full speed. She might have opened fire with her gun, but under the weather conditions prevailing the steamer would have got away.

To the men concealed at the guns and elsewhere this was the first great test of the discipline and drill we had been training for, as it was obvious that the submarine might fire another torpedo—

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perhaps successfully. All remained quiet, and the men lounging about continued to smoke their pipes. One young seaman was whistling at his gun, because, as he explained when asked what he was doing, "if he didn't whistle he would get scared." A few minutes after the torpedo had missed us, the submarine came to the surface astern of the ship and steamed up on our port side. As she came up, her gun was manned and she fired a shot across our bows as a signal to stop. After firing her shot she closed down and partly submerged again, obviously ready to dive in a few seconds if we attempted to ram.

Meantime, we had proceeded with our pantomime as prearranged, and, as soon as the shot fell, the engines were stopt, steam was blown off, and the panic party got busy. Their methods have already been described, and they entered into the spirit of it with more zeal than ever—a great scrambling for the boats took place, which apparently satisfied the submarine as to our honesty, for she came right on the surface again and closed toward the ship—this before we had even begun to lower the boats. I was still rushing about the bridge and had not yet been relieved of my cap by the navigator.

The submarine was evidently in a hurry to get on with the business and go after another prey, as she fired a shot at us that fell just short of the magazine, a matter of a few feet. She was now about 800 yards off, showing full length, and, altho the range was a little bit greater than I wished, the time had come to open fire before she might touch off our magazines. I blew my whistle. At this signal the White Ensign flew at the mast-head, the wheel-house and side ports came down with a clatter, the hen-coop collapsed; and in a matter of seconds three 12-pounder guns, the Maxim, and rifles were firing as hard as they could. The submarine had been successfully decoyed to a suitable position on the surface with her lid open and gun manned.

Everything now depended on the accuracy of the fire; but the target was a comparatively small one and we had no range-finders to help us, so that the distance of the target was reckoned by eye. The fire was accurate, and before the submarine could get closed down again we had hit her several times. Then she slowly submerged. In all, twenty-one rounds were fired from the three 12-pounders, one gun getting off thirteen rounds. The Maxim and rifles wasted no time in getting off some two hundred rounds at the personnel on the deck of the submarine, who were manning the gun, but who rapidly sought shelter inside the submarine.

As soon as she had submerged and there was nothing more to fire at, we steamed at full speed to the spot where she had gone down, for at the moment there was nothing actually to show whether she had been destroyed or not, altho we knew we had hit her, as she had closed her conning tower before diving. Two depth charges were therefore dropt, and almost simultaneously the submarine, that had obviously been trying to rise, came up nearly perpendicular, touching our bottom as it did so. We were still steaming ahead when the submarine passed down our side a few yards off, and it could now be seen that in addition to a periscope having been shot there was a big rent in the bows. Our after-gun was leaving nothing to chance and put a few more rounds in at point-blank range. A couple more depth charges were released, and the surface of the sea became covered with oil and small pieces of wood—but there was no living soul.

This boat, it was ascertained afterward, was *U-68*, and by destroying her before she got to her hunting-ground we must have been the means of saving a large amount of shipping. The great feeling of rejoicing and relief to all on board showed itself when the whole crew rushed to the bridge and cheered. This might appear as a relaxation of discipline, but it was really a strengthening of it. When all were present I read the "Prayer of Thanksgiving for Victory" from the Book of Common Prayer, followed by three cheers for the King, and then all went back to "cruising stations," but not before one of the wags had produced the phonograph and put on the record, "Down Among the Dead Men Let Him Lie."

This success had a good effect for the decoy ships in general, as it had been many months since a submarine had been sunk.

Our immediate thoughts were to stay at sea and look for another U-boat, but the Commander-in-Chief wished us to return to Queenstown. We arrived at 7 A. M., and the Admiral's barge came alongside with a personal letter of congratulations as well as some newly laid eggs, which I had no doubt Miss Voysey, the Admiral's niece, had been out to collect for me. These small acts of thoughtfulness were what helped to make Queenstown what it was not only to us but also to the Americans when they came over.

Promotions, decorations, kind words from the naval Powers and later from King George in person—these were the rewards earned by the men of the mystery-ships, as they went ahead with their task of destroying U-boats. All of which, including further exciting adventures, is duly unfolded in Admiral Campbell's narrative.

PUTTING A KICK IN THINKING

DEVOURED BY CURIOSITY, the scholarly Abbé scanned the back of the book which the quaint little French girl was reading so eagerly in the Paris-Orleans train. Himself a writer of books, and a student and critic of the books of all ages, he wondered what work of romance, poesy, devotion, or what not, could have captured the heart-felt interest of that dainty, old-fashioned lass of twelve in her prim black frock. It seemed, he was to relate afterward in a book of his own, as if she were trying to lose herself in that "square little book, also habited in black by some amateur bookbinder." On the opposite side of the compartment was her father, sorting papers—"an intelligent-looking but countrified man." On her own side was a stranger, the scholarly Abbé himself, dying to know what she was reading. But the little maid, curled in her corner, seemed unconscious of the presence of either, or of the flying landscape, or of anything in the world outside of the forbidding black binding of the little square book. Until at length, relates Abbé Ernest Dimnet in "The Art of Thinking" (Simon & Schuster):

My curiosity about a book that could be read with such intensity became irresistible. I made a brief feint of talking with the father, and then suddenly turned to the little girl and asked: "What are you reading so delightedly?" The eager little face looked up, summoned, as it were, from far-away regions. "*Monsieur, c'est l'Histoire Romaine*" (brief pause) "*et je vais arriver à Jules César!*"

"How do you know you are coming to Julius Cæsar?"

"Oh! I have read this book many times."

I have never forgotten the emphasis on: "*et je vais arriver à Jules César!*" No prospect of Christmas, graduation, first European trip, or début, ever produced emphasis of that quality. I visualized the background in an instant: a farm on the windy plain of wheat-fields between long strips of grapevines, the *salle* with its big mantelpiece; on the side ledge of this, below the ancestral powder-horns, the tiny library of three or four musty prayer-books, a gardening book, a cook-book, a surveyor's manual, a Family Lawyer, a Larousse Dictionary, a few old almanacs and, in the far-away corner, the little black canvas *Histoire Romaine*. In a modern library of fiction or magazines the square squat volume would have been as forbidding to a child as a black old monk. Next to the Lawyer's or Surveyor's stuff, Roman History resumed its glamour, and Julius Cæsar became once more the romantic hero he was during so many centuries. Owing to an incredible chance the little girl summed up in herself the dreams, yearnings, and admirations of princesses. No wonder she looked distinguished.

This is what classics do when they are not killed by those who teach them, or, above all, when they are not juxtaposed with trash sure to make them look like the brown bread of Auvergne as compared to cheap sweets. None of the inferior stuff to which our children are treated, while we look on powerless, can ever give them the feeling of elation, nay, the amusement which great books naturally produce.

So, if you want to be vitalized into the power of thinking real thoughts, and if you want never to know one dull instant while reading, do what has been done by the best specimens of mankind since there have been books, resolutely leave out whatever is not of the best. If something in you rebels against this, you are not in the mood for reading this book, you care for no Art of Thinking, or you only want mental lozenges which I can not produce, and so farewell. But let it not be till you have drawn up a list of the great books which do possess some attraction for you, and till a few months' experience has shown you which of these gives you unmixed pleasure. Those twenty or thirty volumes will be your library, that is to say, your fountain of thought, your delight, and when you see people envying you your pleasure in them—they will be your pride.

"Does this mean," queries the Abbé, anticipating some reader's petulant protest, "that we should give up contemporary literature, and live entirely in the monuments of the past?" And he replies:

No, indeed, for nothing helps thought like *hic et nunc* questions, and if you do not belong to your own time, what time can you belong to? We should read modern poets and modern novelists, and follow art in its most advanced manifestations. There must have been toward 1840 suspicious old Londoners who refused to read the "Pickwick Papers" because the book was so unlike Mr. Addison's *Spectator*. The old fogies were losers.

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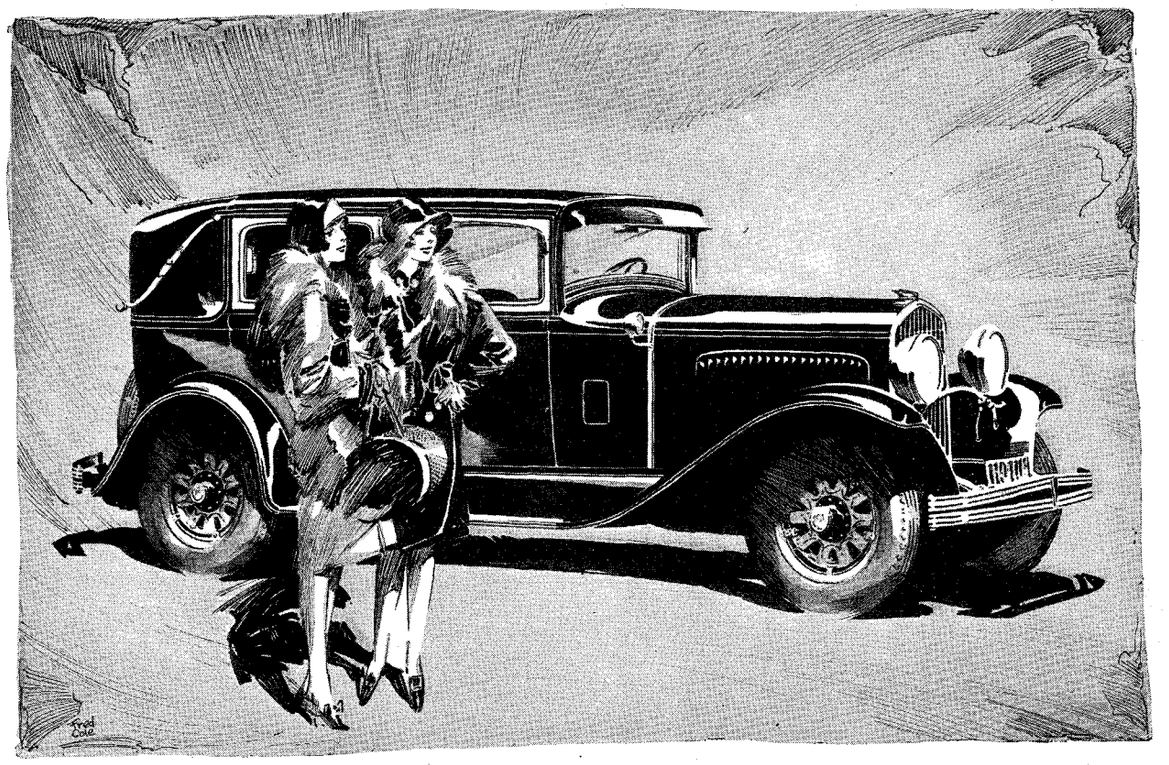
Chrysler



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* * *

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It would be as foolish to-day to ignore Mr. Sinclair Lewis or Mr. Arnold Bennett, even if we suspect that, in eighty years, they will not appear like the Dickenses of the early twentieth century. On the other hand, if you try to keep up with the industrialized literary production of to-day, you will be swamped and lost. Is there no way of making a selection?

There are dozens of ways, but here is an easy recipe. Nobody can twit you with an affectation of indifference to the present time if you leave out books which you find are forgotten three months, that is to say, twelve short weeks, after their publication. Do not read those. You will be surprized to see how few there will be left to read. Draw up a list of the American writers whose works published several years ago are still on the shelves, where the eye and hand occasionally travel! Those are the ones it would be unforgivable to desert, even for far superior reading, but you will see how few they are.

The author, who is almost as well known in America and England as in France, and whose works range from "The Brontë Sisters" to "The Tendencies of French Thought" and "French Grammar Made Clear," pursues the art of thinking with lively footsteps which make the way a beguiling one. As Prof. John Dewey comments, in *The Saturday Review of Literature:*

Some books lend themselves to reviewing; they seem made for that purpose even more than to read. Abbé Dimnet's little book is not one of these. He gives ferments rather than recipes; he has practised the art of thinking until its product is itself a work of art. Before a work of art one is likely to be dumb or to indulge only in ejaculations; and when asked why one likes it, to reply, "Go and see for yourself." That is the way I feel about this genial and witty book. I would say to the reader, "Taste it, try it for yourself. Keep it close at hand, read a page or two, a paragraph, opening at random. Browse about in it; read it consecutively. Keep it on a bedside table and read it to compose your mind at night and to arouse it in the morning." And in answer to the question "Why?" the best reply I can make is still, "Try it and see." For the book is compact with the wisdom gathered in years of observation of himself and of others.

The reader finds in it suggestions of ways by which to estimate the quality of his own thinking. The suggestions probe deep, and unless one is willing to face himself he would do better to confine himself to the easier task of checking the list of qualities in some efficiency chart. The reader finds also an account of the causes that have produced a decline in native turns for genuine thought—for all normal children up to ten years of age or so, can think, because they see for themselves. And after the diagnosis of disease, there are remedies provided, "Helps to Thinking." One may at first be disappointed in finding the secret of the entire art put in a sentence: "The Art of Thinking is the art of being oneself." But if one comes back to the book often enough, and, if after tasting frequently, one absorbs and digests, that one will, I am confident, find in his interpretation of the sentence a revelation of himself that will lead him, if he will only permit it to do so, to serener intellectual heights than he has known.

There are at least a dozen of suggestions offered, any one of which, if taken, will lead to improvements of mental habitudes. Among them are "conjuring up a suitable background"; reading only what gives the greatest pleasure; going repeatedly over what one already knows, and so on. But the point that I think I cherish most highly is that Abbé Di net has had the courage to insist on the connection between capacity of thinking and the qualities that are usually called moral. He does not preach, but no one can read the book in the spirit in which he recommends that every book should be read, and not realize that sluggishness, parasitical dependence upon others, slackness of taste, and similar defects of character cause more deficiencies of mind than do lacks that are distinctly intellectual in origin. If there are those fortunate enough not to need any of the counsels that the author gives, I still urge them to read the book if only to make the acquaintance of an experienced and deeply wise personality.

Returning to the volume itself, we find that the Abbé discusses, among other branches of the subject, "Obstacles to Thought" and "Helps to Thought." Under the latter heading we find these intimate touches:

About saving time.

Is there no time you can reclaim, not from your work, not from your exercise, not from your family or friends, but from pleasure that really does not give you much pleasure, from empty talk at the club, from inferior plays, from doubtfully enjoyable week-ends, or not very profitable trips?

Have you learned how not to give in to idlers? Can you steel yourself against the temptation to give pleasure to people whose laziness needs no assistance? Do you discriminate between kindness and weakness, never refusing to do a good turn, but always refusing to be a dupe? Are you an absolute slave to the telephone?

Do you know how to gather up fragments of time lest they perish? Do you realize the value of minutes? One of the Lamoignons had a wife who always kept him waiting a few minutes before dinner, which in those days was in broad daylight, at three o'clock. After a time it occurred to him that eight or ten lines could be written during this interval, and he had paper and ink laid in a convenient place for that purpose. In time—for years are short but minutes are long—several volumes of spiritual meditations were the result. Mankind might be divided between the multitude who hate to be kept waiting because they get bored and the happy few who rather like it because it gives them time for thought. The latter lead the rest, of course.

What do you do in trains, cars, or taxis? If you do nothing in perfect contentment, well and good, but if you feel restless you are to blame. Trollope, who was a commuter, wrote many a chapter in the train. You might read these: they are worth your while, and Trollope is in fashion. You can not be reading or thinking about avoiding company: people no doubt will remark that Vere de Vere keeps very much to himself, but it can not be helped. If you try to think, you must expect to be a little apart and not a little above.

Do you carry a little book, a great little book of the approved President Eliot description, or, oh joy! one of your own finding, in your breast pocket?—"It isn't done"—"Oh! I beg your pardon, I meant a pack of cards of course. Excuse my absent-mindedness."

What time do you get up? Could it not be three-quarters of an hour, or half an hour earlier? If you give up reading in bed—a practise condemned by all oculists, and by not a few moralists, you can manage it. Nobody has ever been able to explain why a Latin education should give that curious superiority to people, but it does. There is the same mystery about saving the morning—"Clean up the morning trench," Fénelon wrote to a lady—"for intellectual work." Somehow it does the trick. An hour in the morning is worth two, and the nothingness that must inevitably come in the silly hours afterward will not submerge you.

"Are you sure you know the difference between order and tidiness, dear Madam? Your boudoir certainly looks wonderfully well-groomed and manicured, but where is that rather important letter which came Saturday from the lawyer?" . . . Ah! where is it? If we should peep under the cover of that exquisite *bonheur du jour* what should we see? What a conglomeration of letters, some in their envelops, some out of them, of bills, of invitations, concert tickets, old programs, and what not! How long it will take to find the lawyer's letter! How many times will the dainty fingers dash at a pile of papers, in the firm belief that the note must be there, only to get out of it with the impatience of the disappointed humming-bird!

Now let us go at it with a little order. Let us have on this chair the opened letters, on that table the others, on *The Standard Dictionary* the bills, everything else in the waste-basket.

"Wait! on one of those programs, oh! on one of those programs are two lines of Crashaw which I would not lose for the world."

"Here they are. Where do they go?"

"Ah! where? In 'The Cambridge History of Literature,' section Crashaw? . . ."

"No, believe me, fetch a large strong envelop, tear it open at the top, write Crashaw on it, put in that program, and lay it on one of your shelves. Pretty soon there will be fifty more such wrappers, and your husband will say admiringly that this is a regular office. . . . Now, glance at the opened letters. Not a red pencil mark on any, you surprize me. Well, you have to read the letters all over again. . . . All these useless? Why are they kept then? Tear them to pieces and into the waste-basket."

"These two, these four, these fifteen have to be answered."

"Heavens! I understand why all foreigners complain that Americans do not answer letters. Most businesslike nation in the world! Well, there is no help for it. You are a lady, you must answer letters. Take fifteen envelops, put the fifteen letters in them and, in the bitterness of your heart, write fifteen superscriptions. Henceforth, the moment a letter comes, you will red-pencil the important passages, ask yourself whether this letter is for the waste-basket, the Crashaw shelf, or the to-be-answered pile. If the latter, put the letter in an envelop, write the superscription, affix stamp—if the letter goes to Paris, please, do please stamp with a five and not with a two, as you always do—the higher this pile of unanswered letters rises the worse your conscience will feel, and annoyance will teach you virtue.

"Why! There's the *bonheur du jour* empty! and here's the waste-basket full! and here's a happy surprized smile on your face, and you know now the difference between tidiness, which is hypocrisy, and order, which means a place for everything and everything in its place."

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Just One Thing

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"Do you remember, you said you would give me anything I wanted for a New Year's present? Well, what I want is something for you as well as for me. . . . Is it a promise?"

THERE is one thing that every wife who loves her husband wants above anything else in the world—that he may have good health and a long life.

How many thousands of wives there are who are haunted by a secret fear that their husbands are not entirely well—who steal glances, when the other is off guard, in an effort to discover the cause of that constant dragging weariness, those too frequent headaches, those mysterious fleeting pains. Almost every woman knows that sharp thrust of anxiety to her heart, that catch in her throat when she thinks something is wrong with the man she loves. What is it? What can she do?

No longer must a doctor judge the physical condition of a man by his unaided senses alone. Now, by means of marvelous instruments, he can actually look inside the body and watch the various organs at work! He can see the heart beat, the lungs contract and expand, he can watch the activities of the digestive tract. He can take x-ray photographs showing nearly every part of the body.

The doctor today who has kept step with the great discoveries in medicine can sometimes learn important things about the condition of the person he is examining, merely by testing the blood or taking the blood pressure. He can often trace the cause of pain in some remote part of the body to infection in a sinus or tonsil. Frequently ailments of years' standing have been traced to unsuspected infection at the roots of teeth.

Doctors today need not guess. There are means for them to find out. They can detect trouble and in many cases check it before it has had time to damage the body greatly. Often their scientific examinations show the beginning of serious ailments of which the person examined had not the slightest suspicion. It is folly of the most inexcusable sort to refuse to take advantage of the marvelous aids science has given us to discover and check disease and to prolong life.

Make sure that your dear one has a thorough health examination this month. And why not have one yourself? No better New Year present can be made.

So new are the discoveries of medical science in relation to prolonging life that the majority of intelligent men and women have not heard about them. So amazing are some of these discoveries that they are difficult to believe. That seems to be the only sensible explanation of the estimate that but one person in 500 has an annual health examination.

To determine the value of health examinations, a group of 6,000 policyholders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company were given physical examinations. These persons were advised to the extent they and their physicians deemed necessary on the proper way to conserve their health. In nine years the saving in mortality in this group was found to be 18 per cent.

The Metropolitan has recently prepared a booklet containing most important rules for gaining and keeping health. It gives much valuable information that tends to make life both long and happy. Send for booklet 19-L. It will be mailed without charge.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

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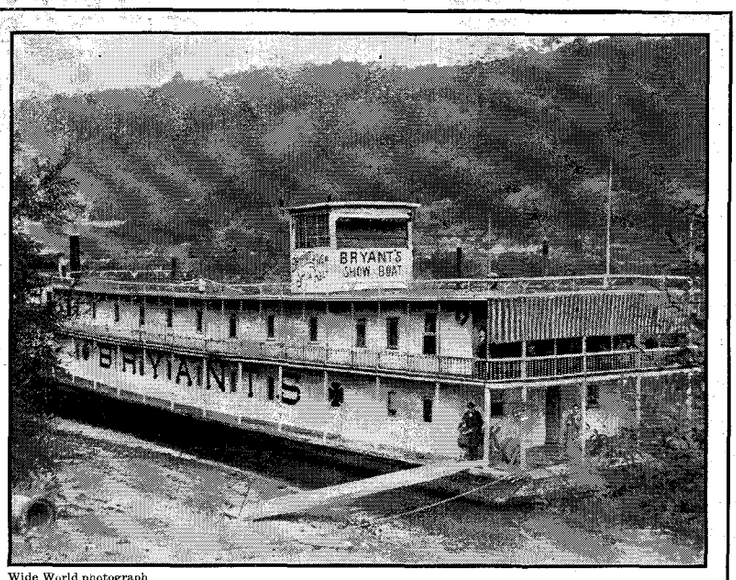
TWO ENGLISH TOURISTS ON A SHOW BOAT

A REAL LIFE DRAMA in one of the stage boxes showed signs of rivaling the sentimental melodrama for which the audience had paid its money. Spectators craned their necks and whispered excitedly. The pretty ingénue retreated up-stage. Three of the box's occupants seized the coat-tails of the fourth. Those in the audience who were seated advantageously could see a brawny back-stage assistant move into a position from which he could spring into action at a moment's notice. The four young men in the box were miners who had come to the play a little the worse for moonshine liquor, and uninclined to observe the proprieties of the show boat. For this episode occurred on one of the Ohio River's floating theaters, brought vividly before the public during the past few years by a popular novel and a popular musical comedy. The incident is related by Jan and Cora Gordon in "On Wandering Wheels" (Dodd, Mead), an account by an English couple of a motor tour of the eastern United States. During their wanderings they visited the "Floating Palace Theater *River Maid*" and took part in its performances. But to return to the disturbance. The young men, thanks to the refreshments they had imbibed, were noisy, and one of them tried to seize the ingénue as she came near them. Missing his hold, he started to climb on the stage. An unpleasant situation was ended when his companions pulled him back, a member of the company took up a position from which he could control any fresh outburst, and the play went on. Say Mr. and Mrs. Gordon:



Wide World photograph

A PERIPATETIC PLAYHOUSE OF THE RIVERS

One of a once numerous fleet of floating theaters which brought the drama almost to the front yards of its patrons who lived along our inland waterways.

The audience was not yet tired of this simple entertainment. From a box we could see the ranks of enthralled spectators, mustered in deep breathing rows, the young men clutching the girls in the cover of a deluding half-light.

While the scenery was being changed the actors gave variety turns before the curtain, and in one of the intervals we ourselves played music gathered from gipsy caves in Spain. The fiddler sawed off old country airs, and invited opponents. But no one offered himself. After the final drop the evening was concluded by a fatherly conjurer, who had the voice of an urbane dentist assuring a very nervous patient that the tooth would not hurt at all.

The Gordons discovered this show boat while they were in search of a particular Cap'n Lew, in charge of such a craft, whom they never found. But Cap'n Hi of the *River Maid* seems to have been a highly satisfactory substitute. Of their first sight of the craft, we read:

The boat seemed undulating and opalescent, as the reflections flowed along its tall sides. We hardly saw that the white paint was stained with exposure and rust, and dingy with grime from the tug's tall chimneys. The fretworked ornament under the balconies was split and gapped, and, as the boat lay there at rest, it looked like a cheap dance-hall washed out from a fifth-rate provincial Coney Island and set adrift. Down-stream, bound in close contact with the Show Boat was the square-ended tug, also balconied, with tall, ham-frilled funnels sticking out of its flat roof. At the stern the great red paddle-wheel lay on the water like a gigantic blossom.

Gilt letters, faded, yet still retaining a gleam, told us that this was the "Floating Palace Theater *River Maid*," as had also the posters stuck up in the small villages through which we had passed; modest little posters, lurking in places not reserved for commercial use, sides of barns, telegraph-poles, and the like.

From a muddy bank set with stepping-stones, a narrow gang-plank led to the flat bow of the Show Boat. Four actors, somnolent in the afternoon heat, watched us approach with listless eyes. Listlessly they passed us on to the captain's office. The heat had sapped their energy; besides, they were the actors, the business of the Show Boat was not theirs. But one young man in shirt-sleeves, his hat cocked over a half-cynical eye, went indolently before us to the Captain's quarters. The Captain, swaying slowly in his rocking-chair, turned the letter of introduction over several times, considering the envelop.

"I am not Cap'n Lew that this letter's addrest to," he explained.

We explained in turn how we had missed Captain Lew on the upper Ohio. The young man in the straw hat seemed favorable toward us. He suggested that Captain Hi should open the letter. At last the little captain put a slow finger under the flap. The weather seemed so hot to have to make up one's mind; he rocked steadily as tho developing an idea like a photographic plate. At long last he said:

"Wall, I don't see no harm can come of it. 'Ll you show them round, Tom?"

Tom was charmed and charming. He even contrived to remember the Mr. O—— who had given us the letter; had worked with him one season on Captain Lew's boat. As we went into the big dim theater, Tom explained his origin. His glory, like that of the Show Boat, was in the past. Once that curtain had been bright with fresh art, once that proscenium glittered with gold, once local gentry in tall hats and crinolines had graced those stage boxes, and a hundred oil lamps had lit the stage. Now all had been allowed to fade with the audiences, dim dinginess only alleviated by the superior glamour of the electric lighting.

And Tom. He came from old estates, hereditary heir of rich English acres now in the possession of a usurping British peer. A dastardly government and sequestration had played a part in this drama of the past; illusion and glamour did what it might to gild the present. Yet, may it not be better for the soul to remain the hopeful claimant of an unattainable fortune than actually to win possession? In real life Tom played the part of the lover on Keats' Grecian Urn. It dyed the hue of all his long lazy days. When he played the aristocratic villain on the stage, his pre-eminent part, he but cast himself where he should be of rights, making illusion more real to himself than was reality.

Life on the Show Boat hardly moved as rapidly as did the slow, muddy river coiling by the stern wheel, we are told. Summing up the social atmosphere of that floating theater, the authors continue:

It was a serene Southern domestic life, untinged within by the actors' traditional passions, tho we did see two of the engineer's lads trying to date up with two smirking village girls who loitered at the water's edge, half tempted by this bold novelty from the outer world, half aware that indiscretions are unredeemable unless indulged in at home.

At one end of the great hollow theater in the boat was the box-office and over it the captain's cabins; at the other end were the stage and the green room, over which lived the married actors. They carried no waste material aboard. Little Captain Hi was owner, manager, impresario, stage director, box-office clerk, accountant; his wife was housekeeper, store-keeper, and general Mrs. Grundy; the married actors played counter to their wives.

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It sounds mysterious—but isn't. Do a little arithmetic with us and find out. The average dentifrice costs you 50c. You use about a tube a month. Twelve times fifty equals six dollars, the yearly cost. Listerine Tooth Paste costs 25c (the large tube). Twelve times twenty-five equals three dollars. All right. Six dollars minus three dollars equals three dollars, your annual saving. Spend it as you please. The muffler is merely a suggestion. You have a thousand alternatives. Hosiery, for instance, or gloves, or handkerchiefs.

Not by price alone did this dentifrice seize popularity

Large Tube 25c

WHAT accounts for the immediate success of this speedy new dentifrice? Certainly not the price alone.

While it is true that at 25c, Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes an average saving of three dollars a year per person, over dentifrices costing double that amount, this would not carry it so quickly to a position among the leaders.

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We urge you to try Listerine Tooth Paste. It will be a revelation to you.

Note how white it makes your teeth. How gently it polishes them—yet how speedily. Note, too, how cool, sweet and refreshed your mouth feels long after the brushing is over—that cleanly taste you associate with Listerine.

We are proud of this product, and we ask you to compare it with any paste, at any price, and judge by results alone. At all druggists. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

The bachelors, engine-room staff, musicians, and pilot lived on the tug, cabined round the dining-room under the calliope. A Show Boat actor was worth $5 a day with keep; say $7 altogether, so that he earned about half what a clever bricklayer might in a northern city or in one of Mr. Ford's factories. Art still exercises her old glamour, since one of the actors had been a paper-hanger, a *Vincent Crummles*, who did not aspire to Shakespeare, but who spent all his spare cash on golf whenever the boat tied up at a town where a public golf-links was.

Yet who will not say that they are sufficiently well paid for their pains, barn-storming in lassitude, a house-boat's idleness with but a few hours of effort each evening? None of the scurry of train traveling, no packing, no lodgings to seek, no landladies, no rehearsals, since one play satisfies a thousand miles of audiences.

At five o'clock the calliope sounded its warning call. The musician was an old, old German, small in frame to command so boisterous an instrument, blasting out his melody with forty pounds of steam pressure. Yet the instrument was older than the player. It was fixt to the upper deck of the tug just abaft of the wheel-house and in its silent moments was by no means idle, since its long connecting pipes distilled the drinking water for the boat. Two rows of steam whistles were ranged in size, like the photographs of French Canadian families, whose women breed twenty-five apiece, not counting twins. The keyboard of this musical engine was housed in a box of oak like a church harmonium, with small brazen keys, perhaps symbolical, capable at least of reaching to God's high seat if any music could. Heavens, what a riot! At the first shrill shriek the ship's dog leapt out of its summer slumber, howled in agony and sprang into the lap of the nearest friend, imploring with goggling eyes that its ears be covered tight till this horror of sound was over.

Whooping and wailing, the whistles shocked the air waves into a shudder which rolled ten miles across the country. The little man stood, his ears packed tight with cotton wool, evoking all this din from dim pencil scripts which had served him for many years; when he prest a chord the steam swallowed him wholly from view and made music smell like washing day. Odd music it was, too. The calliope had been built before the Civil War; it had called crinolined ladies to the play. The scale had been made to suit a simpler age; no sharps or flats interrupted its progressions, it was modal. But when modern tunes had to be fitted as best they might, the result was more interesting than satisfactory, so that such tried old favorites as "Old Black Joe" or the "Swanee River" came out almost like new inventions.

"Listen to that old idiot," drawled somebody. "He's playing 'Marching through Georgia.' Doesn't he know yet that it isn't a tune you can play south of Marietta? If he played that twenty miles down the river they would storm the boat and lynch him."

"But he's a fair wonder," said the lanky fiddler, "a fair wonder. On the piano he'll play any key and follow you even if he's only heard the tune once."

The fiddler was as long as the calliope player was short. He figured, too, on those modest notices lurking on telegraph poles, and he offered $5 to anybody who could outplay him in old country tunes. He was the drooping mustached countryman personified. Our tales of the Swedish master-fiddler disturbed him. Could it be that the Swede was a better player than he? He had his vanity; for, when Jo had sketched the actors and the crew, he alone did not want a copy of his portrait. He would not like his wife to see it because, altho Jo had flattered him and had smoothed ten years from his puckers, he did not find it young enough. We promised to judge between him and the Swede, but we knew that, whatever our private opinion, our hearts would not dare to wound his self-esteem.

Hearing of our Spanish music, the company suggested that we might put on a turn for fun, to which we readily consented.

In the blue Ohio night the Show Boat glowed like a fairy thing. Lit by festoons of colored bulbs, under the fretted balconies, it showed no longer the soiling of exposure and of age. The village girls who clustered, squeaking, on the stepping-stones or on the gangplank, and the lads who held them from slipping and took advantage to tickle them, were not quite in harmony with the romance of the old boat. Bustles or even leg-o'-mutton sleeves would have been better. Yet, this audience, for all the cinema, was probably as innocent as that old one. Much alien blood imported here for the mines has mingled with poor white stock, tho here the negroes' gallery would be empty. As the folk clustered on the broad bow in front of the box-office, the spluttering ferry brought other loads from the further bank.

This ferry took an impertinent part in the play, we are told, by interrupting the actors at incongruous moments. Hence:

The most passionate love episode was played to a regular fusillade, and the last shot which told of heroic justice overtaking the villain was wholly drowned by its chattering nonsense, as tho the execution had been performed by a machine-gun gang. The play was one worn thin by long use—the bashful hayseed and the superstitious widow, the comic but honest farm hand and the common-sense milkmaid, the secretly ambitious young husband and the discontented wife, the sneering villain and the implacable victim of a passing lust. Jumble the characters together, toss them in a hat, and the play comes out the same, with three sets of embraces as the curtain falls. In private life the bashful hayseed had been ringed by the superstitious widow, the comic farm hand by the sensible milkmaid, so that two sets of the kisses were preeminently chaste, except in Kansas where you may not embrace even your wife in public. The Show Boat stage is not yet so advanced as the average American flapper at a dance.

The captain was satisfied with his receipts. Higher up the river he had run into an epidemic of infantile paralysis which had kept people away from fear of possible contagion. The Show Boat had been playing to meager houses.

We said our good-nights and climbed to bed. The mules had retired to a corner of the field, but the long trains of coal wagons thundered by, shrieking warnings and belching out long clouds of smoke so thick that in the still air of the previous afternoon it had clung together like a canopy over the railroad, settling down with the dew till all the countryside smelled of soot and was grimy to the touch.

We slept intermittently.

A long scream from the whistle awoke us before sunrise. From the high bank we

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THE "FLU" IN OUR MIDST

TAKE THE "FLU" LYING DOWN, commands the United States Public Health Service, in the battle against this mysterious epidemic, and the newspapers spread the general order: "Keep calm. Go to bed and stay there. Call the doctor." News is found in the fact that the current wave of influenza, instead of spreading from East to West, for the first time spreads in the opposite direction, appearing first in Japan late in the summer, attacking the Pacific coast States in November, and then advancing to Southern and Middle Western States before reaching Eastern Atlantic and New England States. By the middle of December, public-health authorities at Washington were reporting a rate of 21,238 new cases a day in twenty-six States, and in twenty States 403,185 new cases a week, 15.2 per cent. fatal, but generally of a milder type than ten years ago. Universities, colleges, and high schools in Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, Tennessee, and the Carolinas led in closing down early for the holidays as a precautionary measure. In several Southern States, health-board policy included shutting down public schools and closing theaters. Surgeon-General Cumming, at Washington, however, advised against closing city schools, declaring that:

THE ANNUAL BATTLE BEGINS

—Pease in the Newark *News*.

"Close contacts in the cities are unavoidable whether the individual is in school or not, and we believe it is better for the children to be in school under supervision. The surest single means of preventing serious cases of influenza is to go to bed the moment colds and feverishness develop, both to protect the individual from pneumonia and other complications, and to protect communities from spread of the epidemic."

Doctors have "no sure serum, no real club with which to swat the 'flu' germ," announces the Camden *Post*, emphasizing the one weapon they offer, "more valuable and potent than any cure—the weapon of prevention," that is, taking common-sense measures to avoid it, and taking pains to avoid giving it to others. Likewise the Syracuse *Herald* advises: "The encroachments of the 'flu' can best be resisted and overcome by individual vigilance, and every one in the community should consider himself or herself a volunteer for the defense." "It is particularly advisable that excitement and hysteria be avoided," counsels the Columbus (Ohio) *Dispatch;* "fear is depressing and depression lowers the resistance to disease." "There should be the will to ventilate," suggests the "Uncle Dudley" editor of the Boston *Globe*. "It should be exerted under all sorts of conditions—at home, in the office, the shop, in public conveyances. The discarded habit of walking might save a lot of people from discomfort if they should take it up." The Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch* tells us to "sleep or relax or simply rest as much as is possible in varying circumstances, and we set up at least a partial barrier against the advance of the army of influenza bugs." These comments are typical among the multitude of editorial versions of official warnings by national and State health services. The Baltimore *Sun's* variant among advices reads:

"Public-health authorities, anxiously at work, are forced to place their main reliance upon a working alliance between nature and individual common sense. Nature will do its part, anyhow, and it is a grand fighter; but humans can help by avoiding infection as a first step and, when necessary, by not requiring nature to attend to business and disease at the same time. That is, they can go to bed and let the restorative forces of the body center their action on a conflict with the organisms which are trying to multiply within it. Fever is one sign, and a sure one, that the conflict is on.

"Can not the average man take some pride in his own capacity to safeguard himself? He should recognize that soreness and fever are nature's method not of annoying but of warning, and cooperate with its mysterious power of recuperation, which in accuracy of diagnosis and immediacy of action far surpasses the best that science can show."

In Chicago, where local health authorities reported 10 per cent. of the population affected by "colds" or the "flu," *The Evening Post* put "pep" into health-board warnings, thus:

"Flu hits overtired people. It strikes where resistance is low through lack of sleep and too much work or pleasure-seeking.

"This is a season of extra pressure in both spheres of life. It may not be easy to cut down on work, but it is easier than suffering from flu. It may require self-denial to cut out late indulgence in amusement, but it is a self-denial that pays. Go to bed early in a room with the windows open, but protected from draft. Take things quietly. Neither drive yourself nor let others drive you. You owe it to your own health, to the health of your family, to the health of the community.

"An incipient cold is an invitation to flu. Take care of it. Use a good nasal and oral disinfectant. Colds and flu are easily communicable to others. Your shop, your office should feel indebted to you if you stay at home and go to bed."

Thus it appears that the newspapers all over the country press home point after point in the recommendations of the "board of strategy" organized by Surgeon-General Cumming, which issued eleven rules to combat the spread of the "flu":

"1. Avoid needless crowding. Walk to work when possible.
"2. Take advantage of sunshine.
"3. Sleep with windows open.
"4. Avoid people who are coughing, sneezing, or snuffling.
"5. Wash your hands before eating, and do not put your fingers in your mouth.
"6. Do not use napkins, towels, spoons, forks, knives, and drinking-cups unless they are clean.
"7. Use plenty of clean water, both inside and outside. Eat wholesome food. Sleep at least seven hours.
"8. Keep away from houses with influenza.
"9. Avoid undue chilling of the body.
"10. Avoid dust and overheated rooms.
"11. In case you do contract the disease, go to bed as soon as symptoms develop and remain there until thoroughly recovered. Call a physician at once."

"The mystery of 'flu,' ten years after the disastrous epidemic of 1918, remains just about as deep as ever to medical authorities despite thorough research into its causes," reports Owen L. Scott, Consolidated Press correspondent, who quotes authorities of the American Medical Association as follows:

"The present epidemic is the second mild cycle following the major cycle of the disease which struck in 1918. In itself it is not fatal, and with proper care no complications arise. Deaths, due to complications which follow in extreme cases due to the lowered resistance, have been considerably less than one per cent. Influenza occurs in cycles. The major cycles come each thirty years. There are minor every five years. One occurred in in 1923, and another is occurring now."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

Is Bolivia trying to pan Pan-Americanism?—*New York Evening Post.*

Physician says one million women are overweight. These, of course, are round figures.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

We owe a good deal to the Pilgrim Fathers, and the nice thing about it is that it is one thing we probably won't have to pay.—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

The new theory of nations for maintaining peace is a new peace treaty for every cruiser, and as many cruisers for each country as the leader in the race is building.—*Asheville Times.*

According to Will Irwin, we could promote better relations with South American countries if we had better manners. Well, may be if those countries had better manners, two of them would not now be on the verge of war.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

We don't care what size they make the $1 bill, and all we hope is that it won't act any smaller.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Assimilating so many straw votes doubtless accounts for the extraordinary horse sense of The Literary Digest.—*Charlotte Observer.*

George Bernard Shaw says the time is coming when no coal will be used. Maybe he means next summer.—*New York Evening Post.*

Considering what we Democrats got for the $600,000 radio expense, we suggest next time trying the huddle system.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot.*

Perhaps there's some significance in the fact that no flock of lame ducks could swim fast enough to keep up with a battle-ship.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

COOLIDGE THINKS THAT INTERNATIONAL FLYING WILL MAKE FRIENDS

—Thomas in the Detroit *News.*

An expert has figured it out that the electrical energy developed by five million persons, all talking at once, would keep just one incandescent light going. That helps to understanding of how little illumination comes from most conversations.—*Manchester Union.*

A scientist at Ithaca, New York, says the lower animals may some time overcome and devour the human race. This seems like a pretty good time for the squirrels to get busy. —*Detroit News.*

The esteemed Lit. Dige. reprints an article to the effect that Old Sol may quit his job at any time—perhaps to-morrow—just as we were about to renew our Dige. subscription for another year.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

A New York air transport company advertises "Flights started at any hour for any desired destination. Return trips not guaranteed." Somehow the last of this discourages haste about the journey.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

The latest trouble of the former Kaiser is that his exuberant brother-in-law, Alexander Zoubkoff, has decided to become a clown. It looks as if the new recruit of the family has caught the Hohenzollern yearning for the center of the stage.—*Manchester Union.*

The Maine Legislature will probably change the time of the State election from September to November. Having found it an expensive luxury to tell the nation how it will go a little later, Maine will leave the field to The Literary Digest.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

No, it's John Barrymore, not Marrymore.—*Tampa Tribune.*

If Mt. Etna were in this country there'd be a Federal board to control it.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Citizens of soft-coal-burning communities will doubtless be cheered to know that soap, as well as soot, may be made from bituminous.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

We don't know which of the campaign promises the President-elect intends to make good first, but we rather hope it will be the one to abolish poverty.—*Ohio State Journal.*

The Treasury Department asserts that the transfer of Prohibition duties to another department would reduce the efficiency of enforcement, tho at first blush that would seem impossible.—*San Diego Union.*

Earth Tremor Felt in South. —Head-line. Maybe it's the land sliding back again.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Stocks are going up. Stocks are coming down. Now don't say we didn't tell you.—*New York Evening Post.*

Almost any time now we may expect to see the restaurants retaliate by putting in a line of drugs and toilet articles. —*Louisville Times.*

A woman's clothes are her sentiments exprest in fabrics, says one of our leading novelists, and, as you so often hear, there is very little sentiment these days.—*New York Evening Post.*

Have the advocates of the thirteen-month year considered the enormous increase of labor that will be required in tearing thirteen instead of twelve sheets from the calendar?—*Milwaukee Journal.*

German inventor has perfected a paper that won't burn. Maybe if our currency and bank-notes were printed on it there wouldn't be so many charred pockets.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

We will not reach the saturation point in automobile building as long as the turn-over remains as great as at present.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot.*

Paraguay and Bolivia think they want to fight, because a boundary dispute killed twenty-five men. The remedy suggested is to start a war and kill 25,000 more men.—*New York American.*

Language is influenced and colored by the times, of course, and it was only the other day that a prominent full-back of the bone-crusher type was referred to as an interstate bus.—*Detroit News.*

Police authorities are puzzled as to the identity of the St. Paul bandits who restored $20,000 of their loot. However, they are not believed to be connected with the oil industry.—*San Diego Union.*

If Arkansas can do away with the theory of evolution by passing a law, why don't they get together and do something really worth while? Pass a law, say, to abolish the first of the month? —*Macon Telegraph.*

The present outlook is that the coming Administration will be bigger and better than the last. President Coolidge did his fishing in a mountain stream; President-elect Hoover goes fishing in the Pacific Ocean on a battle-ship.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot.*

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could watch the movements of the tug's crew as they bound the boats together; for on these rivers the tugs do not tow, but push, and the two must be combined into a coherent whole; this applies as much to several barges as to a single one. The Show Boat with its cargo of sleeping actors stemmed the river, slued a big circle and, with volumes of that thick soft-coal smoke curling from its high, ham-frilled funnels, sailed majestically down the muddy current. Nothing afloat can quite equal the dignity of the tall, sternwheel steamer; queen among boats with its long train of foam.

Among the actors few would admit their presence on the Show Boat without excuse. Filial piety accounted for the presence of the Comic Farm Hand and wife. A mother's silver wedding would cut the winter season from which a circuit actor could not take a month's leave; so, for winter's vacation, summer's earnings must suffice. The dramatic paper-hanger (or the Bashful Hayseed) had broken his arm the previous winter, and with it his contract; he too had to seek a summer occupation. The conjurer had revolted against the clique of agents who were, he said, making conjurers' lives a real misery. "It's this way with me," said the juvenile lead, "I don't want to go on being an actor. I want to become a pilot; but to be a pilot a fellow has to have lots of river experience. There are stiff examinations, and besides he has to get his weight up. I'm not heavy enough yet. That big wheel takes a lot of managing, especially in bad weather."

The little ingénue, pretty, with her bob of black hair and her big black eyes, was a true daughter of the river. Her parents kept a junk boat which was now moored a little way higher up. They had known Captain Hi during many a year, and all the stage she had seen was that of the Show Boat. But she wasn't stage struck.

"I don't know that I want to be an actress, really," she said. "But then you know after the long, dull winter—why, in the spring, when I hear the sound of the calliope, I have just got to go——"

The pathetic Victim was the poorest actor of the crowd, the authors relate, but he compensated for that by being kitchen superintendent. He confided to the visitors that he was on the Show Boat because of his "bar," and they exclaim:

Are clowns born or made? At any rate, never had a man a more suitable face than Bunty. Not that he was comically ugly, but he had just that slight elongation of nose, just those protuberant cheeks, just that narrow-eyed, quizzical glance, that make a perfect background for the clown's paint.

"He's a wrestling bar," said Bunty with an affectionate note in his voice. "Wrestles and boxes, he does. If you see 'Bunty and his Bar' writ up, that's me. I offers $5 to anybody what can put that there bar on his back. *I* can do it easy. I shows 'em. An' up they comes, swelling their muscles. He's only a snip of chap, folks says, lookin' at me. But that bar floors them. Whop! Ya see, it ain't wrestlin' what gets that bar down; why, gosh, he weighs more'n three hundred pounds. Thing is he's ticklish; get your finger in his ribs that does it. Down he goes. But they don't know the trick of it.

"And boxes. I'd like to match him with Gene Tunney, only Gene wouldn't have a chance. He did that to me one day. Kinda what you might call a foul—eh?"

He pulled up his sleeve and showed us some ugly scars on his forearm.

"He don't box ugly as a rule, my bar don't," said Bunty. "We just whop round at each other. I got a boy with a bell; when he rings it that bar just runs back to his stool. He knows. The day I got this the old bar was fighting much as usual but he flips me one across the ear that stung. And I got mad and smacks him back one on the nose. And he lets out a harder one which pretty near knocks me across the stage. You know you can't let your bar get the best of you, couldn't work him else. So I gets both my fists and I bangs him two good uns right on the point of the nose just where bars like it least. 'Oh, Boy, that'll fix you,' I thinks. But he kinda shakes his head dizzy and stupid for a second and then he comes back at me roaring with his mouth open. I never muzzles him. And that fool boy standing there with his mouth open, too. I felt scared, I tell you, but I gotta face him. So I jabs my glove into his mouth. 'Bite that,' I says; but he slipt up and grabbed me by the forearm. Lucky he'd got gloves on too or he'd a tore all the skin off my ribs. They was sore for two weeks afterwards. And then at last that fool boy rings the bell. And I'm blest if that there bar didn't let go like a sport and run back to his seat. Ya, he's trained all right. I wouldn't sell him for a thousand dollars. He didn't mean nothin' bad, just got wild. But I tells ya if he flips me one now I just take it. Yes, sir.

"A grand wouldn't buy him," said Bunty, "but, believe me, I got him for nothing. Not one dime. He was pretty sick. On Pekoe's Circuit we was, him and me. 'Shoot that bar,' says the animal boss, 'he can't get no better.' 'You give him to me,' I says, 'lemme see what I can do with him.' 'You can take him and keep him,' says the boss, 'but you's wasting your time. Why, even his skin is so mangy it ain't worth a nickel.' But I look after him proper. He was pretty sick, but I buys good food and I pays a doctor for him and I gets him medicines. And do you know, pretty soon he begins to look fine again. And then they wants to take him back again. So I goes to the head boss and I puts the thing to him fair. Was I going to spend all that trouble for a company's bar? I says; why, she was given to me. 'He hadn't no right to give it,' says the boss. 'Well, if it wasn't for me right now there wouldn't be no bar to talk about,' says I, 'so forget he exists anyway.' At last he says: 'You been training him too I hear.' 'Yes, I has,' I says. 'Then look here, Bunty,' he says, 'you stay with us the rest of the season, and you work that bar for us without any pay, and at the end you can take him.'"

According to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, the things that novelists or journalists write about the Show Boat people rarely please the originals. In fact:

Even Miss Ferber's novel was held to do the profession an injustice. Perhaps it was a little condescending. As a matter of fact these communities are very respectable and even sedate. They live in such close contact that a code of manners is needed to insure coherence. There is little room for drama on a Show Boat and, in real life, the passions of people who have to work for a living are much more under control than the novelists are willing to admit. Even the little ingénue was placidly contented under the rather strict chaperonage of Mrs. Hi. The wanderings of the Boat were adventure enough for her.

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SCIENCE ▾ AND ▾ INVENTION ▾ CONTINUED

BAGGAGE-CAR FOR AUTOMOBILES

CALIFORNIA TOURISTS MAY NOW TAKE their autos with them on a passenger-train, what is believed to be the first attempt at combination automobile and passenger-carrying service having recently been established on the Southern Pacific. It is hoped, says *The Railway Age* (New York), which describes this new service, not only to provide a convenience for present passengers but to attract considerable additional business which would otherwise be lost to the highways. We read:

"When accompanied by a passenger holding regular transportation, the new service makes it possible to transport an automobile in a passenger-train baggage-car.

"When an automobile is to be transported by this service, the agent makes an examination for damage or defects of any kind and notes on the automobile excess-baggage check any apparent damage or unusual conditions. All gasoline is drained from the tank either by the passenger or the company's agent. The amount of gasoline drained is noted on the excess-baggage check, and an equivalent quantity furnished by the company without charge on arrival at destination. Only standard fixt parts actually constituting necessary portions of the automobile chassis, engine, body, running-board or top, may be shipped as parts of the automobile.

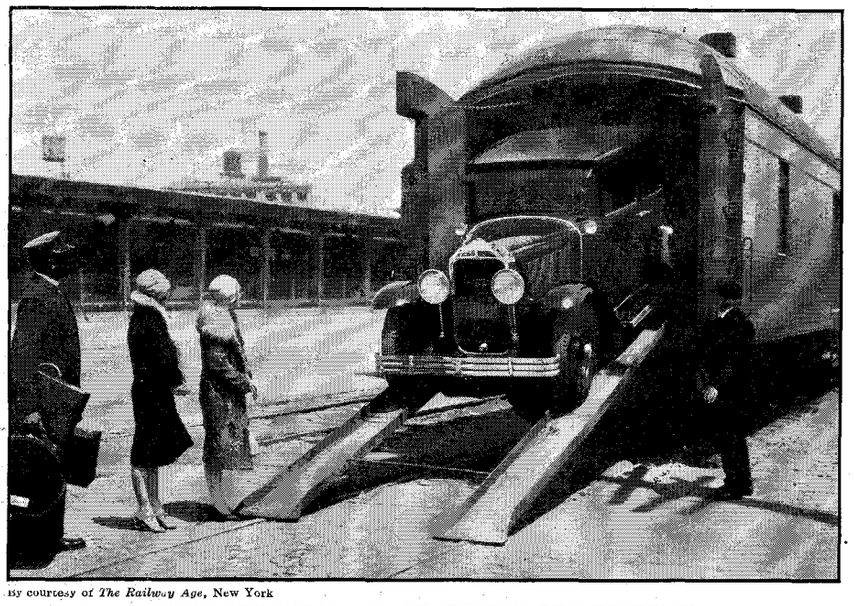
"If, for any reason, it is impossible to handle an automobile on the same train as the passenger, it may be handled at the same rates on the day following.

"Agents issue regular excess-baggage checks to take care of these movements, collections being made at the time of issuance of the checks. Passengers desiring to have automobiles checked are expected to give the ticket-agent an hour or more advance notice, and all automobiles are delivered to the agent not later than 30 minutes before the schedule time of train departure. At destination, the automobiles are unloaded within a reasonable time which permits switching the baggage-car to the unloading platform.

"The car in which the automobiles are loaded is a double-end-door baggage-car, the loading being accomplished by running the car up a pair of steel ramps. The car is placed at the baggage platform; when loaded it is placed next to the locomotive. After the train has stopt to detrain passengers, the car is cut off and switched onto an adjacent auxiliary track where automobiles are unloaded.

"Automobiles, when loaded, are blocked inside the car in strict accord with standard loading rules, regulation chock blocks being placed on each side of each wheel and nailed to the floor; then new burlap ties, made by folding burlap into six thicknesses, are passed through the spokes and over the rims and nailed down to the floor on each side with tenpenny nails.

"When the double-end doors of the car are open, they provide an unobstructed opening for practically the full width of the car. In each door is framed half of a standard passenger-car door-way. When the large doors are closed, this passage is closed by a sliding door."



By courtesy of *The Railway Age*, New York

DOWN SHE ROLLS, ALL READY FOR THE HIGHWAY

The travelers have reached sunny California, by Pullman, and here is their automobile, which has come with them in the baggage car, just like a trunk. All they have to do is to take on a new supply of gas, step on it, and light out for their destination or their Pacific Coast tour

EACH OF US IS MANLY AND WOMANLY

ARE WOMEN BECOMING HARD and men soft? asks Dr. William White, in the New York *Herald* (European edition). Are the characteristics that most people describe as "masculine" and "feminine" switching around, so that we are breeding a race of masculine women and feminine men? Writers declare, says Dr. White, that our young women have lost many of their natural sex characteristics and have become hard-boiled. Many young men, on the other hand, living in wealth and ease, are becoming soft. In other words, according to some alarmists, human nature seems to be undergoing a radical change. Dr. White is not of this opinion. He writes:

"It is impossible to get the right perspective on any human problem by simply studying it at any one time. We have to look at the sweep of events over a considerable duration so that we can see the origin of what is happening and the direction in which it is tending.

"When we do this, we see that the qualities of which we complain in the young people of to-day have existed throughout the ages. Modern life has simply given them an opportunity for expression.

"As we cast a reminiscent eye back over the pageant of history, several scenes flash on our memory: Roman matrons leaning over marble balconies in order not to miss the groans of dying gladiators; French matrons grimly knitting while the guillotine rises and falls; Spanish matrons laughing at the death agonies of a bull. Or, on the other side of the picture: Lybian youth sleeping on rose leaves; English gentlemen tricked out in silks and curls and perfumed laces; American gentlemen starving at Jamestown rather than work.

"Every age has had its potential Boadiceas, Molly Pitchers, and even its bobbed-hair bandits. Human nature does not suddenly about-face in one generation.

"To-day science knows that everybody is, both physically and psychologically, bi-sexual, and that the proportions in which the so-called characteristics of sex are blended varies in every individual. We have, and have always had, women with a large per cent. of so-called masculine attributes, and men with a high degree of so-called feminine qualities. To-day the greater tolerance of public opinion permits men and women to express their full personalities without being set apart as untrue to their sex."

Much of the confusion on the question of masculine and feminine characteristics arises, Dr. White believes, from the tendency to regard the "introverted" or inward-looking type of mind as essentially feminine, while the "extroverted" type is essentially masculine. He proceeds:

"Men of thinking, bookish inclinations seem to some authors effeminate compared with the doers, the extroverts. From this angle of vision a Jenner, who worked out vaccination to protect the human race from smallpox and saved the lives of millions of

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people, is not to be compared with a Hill, who builds a transcontinental railroad; and Einstein, who changes the whole method of thinking of his generation, shows up weakly beside a Morgan, who negotiates huge international loans.

"The error here is a common one. Every one has qualities belonging to both types; every one is a blend. Human thinking, feeling, and acting are dependent on the existence of this combination. When the combination is balanced we have our greatest types of personality.

"Moreover, events teach us again and again that many so-called soft men will rise magnificently to the occasion and exhibit all the virile qualities of cave men when hard prest by circumstances or fired by enthusiasm.

"This is strikingly illustrated by the life Sir Harry Johnson, author of 'The Gay-Dombeys,' and many other books. An artist, a writer, and, at one time, an invalid, with a voice so high and feminine that strangers to whom he spoke over the telephone answered, 'Yes, ma'am,' he became interested in the far-flung corners of England's Empire and lived a life packed with thrills and adventure among the savage and hostile tribes of Africa.

Endless illustrations might be cited, says Dr. White, and he goes on:

"Poets, painters, musicians have been found in the forefront of almost every bloody revolution. The Irish Easter rebellion was led by a group of poets; Byron was the most conspicuous English-fighting champion of Greek independence; Rupert Brooke, Joyce Kilmer, and many of their brothers in spirit, played a valiant part in the Great War. When the hour for Poland's freedom struck, the call was answered by a long-haired musician—the gentle, delicate, sensitive, high-strung Paderewski.

"The same inevitable destruction occurs throughout the whole course of nature, more particularly wherever new construction is taking place. In a period such as the present, undoubtedly many people will fall by the wayside, will get caught up in all sorts of blind alleys, will be led to follow false gods.

"But the progress of civilization is not going to stop because of these necessary casualties. It is going to become doubly interesting, because it is going to present an ever new series of fascinating problems and mysteries for solution. One of these mysteries, which has never lost its intriguing characteristics, is the mystery of sex."

A TOWER THERMOMETER

RESIDENTS of Munich have little trouble in determining the day's temperature, says *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago), for the seventy-foot tower of the German museum has been converted into a giant thermometer, topped by a barometer. It goes on:

"The temperature gage is operated electrically through a smaller instrument, and registers from twenty-five degrees below to thirty-five above zero Centigrade. The maximum temperature of the preceding day and the lowest for the night before are also indicated. Each division of ten degrees on the big thermometer is about as tall as a house story, and the instrument can be plainly read from a distance of several hundred feet. The barometer dial is divided into millimeter readings."

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By W. Francklyn Paris

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The author, W. Francklyn Paris, M.A., L.H.D., is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and one of the founders of the American Society; a member of many distinguished societies of art and letters, and a much sought-after contributor to architectural and art magazines on both sides of the Atlantic.

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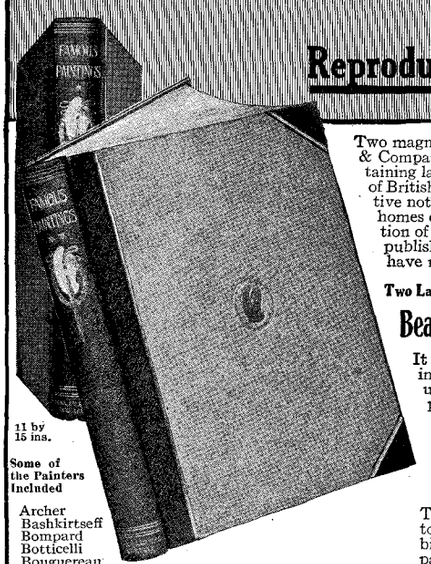

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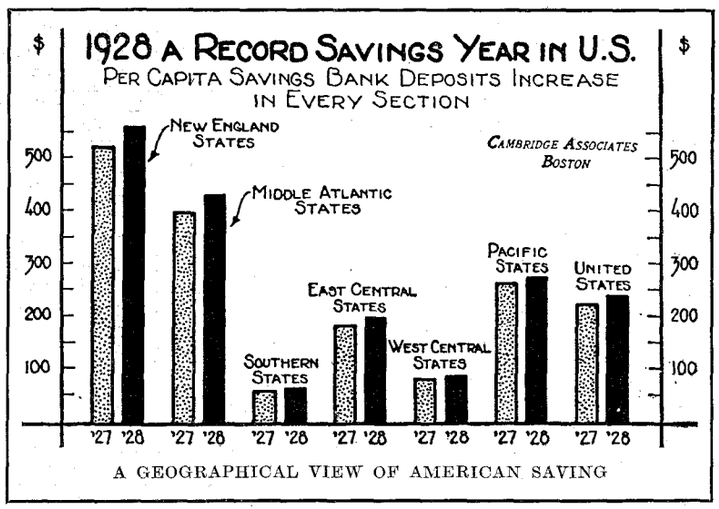
RECORD SAVINGS AS AN INDEX OF PROSPERITY

PROSPERITY MORE GENERAL than at any time since the business depression of 1920 is indicated by the record gain in savings banks deposits for the fiscal year 1928, just reported by the American Bankers Association, thinks W. Espy Albig, Deputy Manager of the association's Savings Bank Division. Other commentators agree with him, altho the New York *Journal of Commerce* does not believe that the growth in savings is any reliable measure of the growth of our national prosperity. Mr. Albig's figures, it should be stated, agree roughly with those contained in the recent report of the United States Comptroller of the Currency. Mr. Albig's report is quoted in the press as follows:



A GEOGRAPHICAL VIEW OF AMERICAN SAVING

The year ended June 30, 1928, registered over the previous year the largest gain in savings deposits in banks and trust companies of continental United States ever recorded in the history of this country. On June 30, 1928, the volume of savings stood at $28,412,961,000, a gain of $2,327,059,000 over the previous year.

The gain per inhabitant in 1928 over 1927 is $17. The gain per inhabitant over last year is 7.7 per cent., and 113.5 per cent. over 1918, when the strong upward curve in savings deposits first developed. Since 1912, when adequate records first became available, the gain per inhabitant is 169.3 per cent.

Total individual deposits in banks in America stand at $51,-199,264,000, and 56 per cent. of these individual deposits is found in savings or time deposits as against 53 per cent. last year.

The gain in number of savings depositors comparable with last year is 2,496,070, an increase of 5.2 per cent., as against a gain in the population of the United States of 1.2 per cent. The number of depositors, which for 1917 was reported at 48,354,784, reaches a high mark this year with 53,188,348, but of this apparent increase of 4,833,564, in the whole country 2,337,494 come from Ohio, where for the first time the Commissioner of Banking has been able to give the number of depositors in State-chartered institutions. The net gain, therefore, in the comparable figures is 2,496,070 in the whole country.

The American Bankers Association figures are used by the Cambridge Associates of Boston as the basis for the diagram reproduced on this page, showing the territorial distribution of the growth in savings. As this statistical authority notes:

The 1928 increases were pronounced in almost every section of the country, the greatest advances per capita being registered in the New England, Middle Atlantic and East Central sections. New England continues to report the largest per capita savings of any section of the country, with the Middle Atlantic States and the Pacific States following in order. Lowest per capita savings are reported in the South, but this section has in recent years been making definite savings progress.

The figures on savings deposits given by Comptroller of the Currency Poole in his annual report are based on slightly different reports, but the totals approximate those just given. They show an increase of $2,100,574,000 in savings deposits in all reporting banks and a total of $28,132,575,000, or $214.23 per capita, on the basis of 131,320,000 of population, as compared with $26,032,-001,000 or $200.55 per capita on the basis of 129,804,000 of population at the close of the preceding fiscal year. Total bank deposits of the country at the end of the fiscal year total $53,244,-698,000, or $405.46 per capita, distributed as follows:

Individual deposits, subject to check, $21,059,876,000; demand certificates of deposit, $480,579,000; State, county or other municipal deposits (demand), $1,425,113,000; savings deposits, $28,132,575,000; State, county or other municipal deposits (time), $286,552,000; postal savings, $118,982,000; deposits not classified, $399,938,000.

These reports certainly sound a note of optimism, in the opinion of the editor of *The Bache Review*, published by the banking and investment house of J S. Bache and Company of New York—

It is impossible to consider these figures without drawing from them a view highly favorable to the general situation. It does not mean, of course, that all problems have been solved. We have seen a rather pessimistic discussion of this subject, putting a doubt upon the reliability of savings deposits as a measure of national wealth, even as an indirect and partial one, the reason being given that borrowings might have contributed to swell these savings and that this would give the increase an insubstantial character. A further argument is made that they are not indicative of prosperity because a great many other kinds of savings than bank deposits are not included in the estimate.

We do not see that these objections alter the main point. It is conceded in such criticisms that rising savings indicate a pronounced advance in the average level of well-being among the working-classes. This in itself is certainly encouraging.

It is true, of course, that the substantial growth of savings in the last three or four years may be attributed in great part to the better condition of the labor classes, who have been reaping the benefit of larger wages for several years, and from that point of view the increase might be claimed to be an indication of class or "spotty" prosperity.

But at any rate the increase must lead to greater optimism than if, for instance, these deposits had decreased to the same extent that they have now been shown to have increased.

The substantial well-being of workers, which is admitted to be shown by increased savings, is important in that it evidences stabilization in the purchasing power of the country, upon which industrial activity depends. It assures continued consumption of goods at a high percentage of capacity, and as long as overproduction is carefully avoided it will mean a continuance of prosperity through at least the early part of 1929.

Possibly the more pessimistic interpretation mentioned in the foregoing is an editorial in the New York *Journal of Commerce*, in which we are told that it would be quite rash to say that "even the total volume of national savings furnishes a good index of comparative prosperity," and that since savings-bank deposits are only an indeterminate percentage of the total saved income, "they constitute a still less reliable measure of the growth of that surplus wealth from which all so-called 'true' savings are supposed to be derived." Undoubtedly, there has been a pronounced rise in the level of the well-being of the working-classes, and hence an addition to the national income in the form of savings. This is further testified to by the larger number of individual savings accounts. Nevertheless, *The Journal of*

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Commerce argues that "it would be misleading to assign the growth either in volume of savings deposits or in number of accounts solely to causes of this sort":

Comparisons are vitiated by changes in banking legislation that, by reducing the reserve requirements for time deposits, have encouraged the segregation of savings deposits from demand deposits in the commercial banks of the country. Then, too, changes in respect to business practices and methods of financing business expansion balk serious efforts to arrive at reliable estimates of the total saving capacity of any nation.

There are other strong reasons for refusing uncritically to link the growth of savings with variations in the level of a nation's prosperity. It is quite possible that unevenly distributed prosperity has encouraged the growth of savings. A limited number of companies with record earnings as well as workers especially favored by continuous employment at high wages may have accelerated the pace of saving more than it would have been had surplus incomes been spread more extensively and more thinly over the entire country.

A final doubt of the reliability of savings deposits even as an indirect and partial measure of national wealth is due to the knowledge that such deposits may be and sometimes are the results of liberal lending policies which have enabled concerns and individuals simultaneously to expand borrowings and savings. Admitting, therefore, that the record rise in savings deposits is a cheering indication, its precise significance remains a matter for guesswork.

BUILDING-AND-LOAN GAINS

THE question, "Will the building-and-loan associations become the dominant savings institutions of the country?" occurs to John F. Sinclair, financial writer on the New York *World*, as he considers the remarkable recent growth of these organizations. At any rate Mr. George L. Bliss, Vice-President of the Franklin Society for Home Building and Savings of New York, believes that this predominant position will be attained if they grow during the next five years as they have during the last ten. If they do, Mr. Bliss is quoted in *The World* as saying, their resources will be $15,000,000,000 by 1932, and there will be more than 19,000,000 depositing members. Throughout the country, he adds, "the average rate of growth expansion in total resources is about 16 per cent. a year." As Mr. Sinclair continues in his column on *The World's* financial page:

The growth record is astonishing. In 1917 the total resources of all the building-and-loan associations in the country were $1,769,000,000. This had grown to $3,342,000,000 by 1922 and to $7,178,000,000 at the beginning of 1928.

Membership growth, too, is large. In 1917 four persons in every 100 in the United States were members. In 1927 ten persons in 100 were members.

The number of members is not growing quite so fast as the resources, due to an increase in individual wealth. In 1917 each member of a building-and-loan association averaged a $460 balance. This had grown to $633 in 1927.

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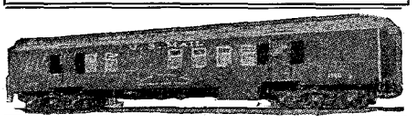

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
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ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE BUYING STOCKS

FURTHER evidence "of the wide-spreadness of the public's interest in acquiring stocks"—this time as investment rather than speculation—is found by B. C. Forbes in a list of subscribers for an issue of preferred stock recently sent him by the president of a Northwestern utilities corporation. The two most interesting features are the number of shares purchased and the occupation of the buyers. As Mr. Forbes notes in his column on the financial page of the New York *American:*

Included among the occupations are those of logger, rancher, shingle weaver, game warden, widow, student, mechanic, doctor, clerk, milk inspector, telegraph operator, meat cutter, housewife, merchant, nurse, retired, engineer. The highest number of shares taken by any one buyer was twenty-five, and only two subscribed for that amount. Two bought twenty-one shares each, one took twenty, but all the others were for smaller amounts.

Slightly more than half of the subscribers had not previously owned any stock in this company, a public utility. A reasonably safe assumption would be that most of the new buyers had not previously owned any kind of stock whatsoever. Experience has proved that public-utility corporations have been more effective than any others in inducing families of modest means to make their début as stockholders.

A typical group of subscribers is taken at random from the list, names and addresses being omitted. "The first column gives the number of shares subscribed for; the second indicates that the subscriber already owned stock in the company; the third indicates new buyers, while the final gives the occupation":

Number of Shares	*Old*	*New*	*Occupation*
1	..	x	Clerk
1	..	x	Collector
10	x	..	Logger
1	..	x	Clerk
1	..	x	Housewife
6	..	x	Retired
11	..	x	Rancher
5	x	..	Rancher
1	x	..	Employee
1	..	x	Logger
6	x	..	Widow
1	..	x	Shingle weaver
5	x	..	Logger
1	x	..	Widow
11	x	..	Widow
10	x	..	Shingle weaver
10	..	x	Café
10	..	x	Café
25	..	x	Millwright
5	x	..	Rancher
2	x	..	Widow
10	x	..	Millworker
5	..	x	Rancher
5	..	x	Rancher
1	..	x	Widow
3	..	x	Post-office
4	x	..	Widow
5	x	..	Rancher
2	..	x	Millworker
4	..	x	Clerk
1	..	x	Paper-maker
5	x	..	Millworker
1	x	..	Housewife
1	x	..	Paper-maker
5	x	..	Carpenter
5	..	x	Game warden
11	..	x	Laborer
1	..	x	Rancher
11	..	x	Widow
5	x	..	Clerk
2	..	x	Housewife
10	x	..	Employee
1	x	..	Rancher
5	..	x	Housewife
5	..	x	Retired
21	x	..	Furrier
13	..	x	Rancher
3	..	x	Student
5	..	x	Pharmacy
5	..	x	Housewife

MODERN BEAUTY FOR THE RAILROAD PASSENGER

THE announcement of the Pennsylvania's intention to electrify more than 300 miles of its lines—which was discust in these columns last week—makes "the news that certain trains on other Eastern railroads have been provided with new types of Pullman equipment seem trivial." And yet, insists, the Springfield *Republican*, "it cannot be dismissed as negligible":

In the first place, anything that railroad companies can do to enhance the attractions of rail travel in a period of declining passenger revenues has economic as well as social interest. In the second place, all the newer designs in car decoration and upholstery, particularly those in Pullman cars, represent a public rebellion against merely utilitarian standards of economy.

America's parlor- and sleeping-cars were once as overloaded with ornamentation as the late Victorian parlors which they frankly tried to imitate. The wood-carving, inlay, parquetry, and scroll-work may not have been excessively costly in those days, but its artistic effect was one of superfluity. As American taste turned back to classical purity or colonial delicacy, extravagances in car decoration were on the way to correcting themselves. Then the steel car suddenly replaced the wooden car, and car-building became almost entirely a matter of mechanical engineering.

About this time the railroads realized that the automobile had become the favorite mode of travel and began to make a stand against further inroads. The Pullman car underwent a transformation. Instead of primary colors applied by machine, delicate shades of gray and blue were seen on the interior walls. The artist had evidently routed the engineer, or rather had restricted his activities to his proper sphere of structure and mechanism.

In the past two or three years so-called "modernist" theorists in architecture and the decorative arts have been employing motives derived from machines. Actually their designs are not the severely simple things they pretend, but represent a sophisticated and symbolic conception of the "machine age."

In behalf of the engineers who strive to attain absolute efficiency and economy it can be said that they do not confuse esthetic with utilitarian values. They may disregard and scorn esthetic qualities, but they are without pretense. It is their "efficiency" that is at fault, not their sincerity. For as a nation becomes more sensitive and exacting in regard to its surroundings, it rejects designs, materials, and appliances which yield no esthetic satisfaction. Henry Ford's experience and that of the Pullman Company both prove this:

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WHY SO MANY MERGERS?

EVERY DAY COMES ANOTHER announcement of a merger in some department of industry, comments the New York *Journal of Commerce*, so that at the present rate the number of concerns in certain leading industries "is likely to be drastically curtailed." The head of the Cotton Textile Institute wants more mergers in that line of business, we read. Extensive mergers in the metal trades were announced during the autumn. The automobile business is going through a similar process. The tendency of our banks to combine into larger units is being widely discust. In short, it is held to be "a safe generalization that the merger fashion has never before been so widely copied." *The Journal of Commerce* wonders why this is so. It realizes that there are special reasons for the banking mergers, and that in nearly every line where mergers have taken place "there is either a competitive situation or the ambition of a single concern or a group of concerns to control or some other influence which temporarily dictates further progress in merging enterprises." But these special aspects of the situation do not "furnish a general explanation of a wide-spread state of things which certainly represents deep-seated alterations in business organization." The editor of this newspaper on examining the field manages to find two elements of widely controlling importance:

One is the belief that such merging of enterprises will make it possible to put out of business concerns that are not being economically operated, and to get the advantage of large-scale or mass production in those that survive. The other is the fact that in mergers of this kind a change of capital structure usually occurs which gives opportunity to the insiders to make extra profits for themselves, either at the expense of the old security holders or prospective new ones.

From the standpoint of the general public, continues *The Journal of Commerce*, "one of these influences is good, the other injurious":

It is desirable that production should be economically conducted—so desirable that the community as a whole can afford to undergo some serious sacrifices, such as are necessarily incurred when enterprises are put out of business even for a good purpose. Indeed we may go considerably further and affirm that it would be a very wise policy if some industries could be put through the merger process even more extensively than has been attempted thus far. Coal is one such, and it would be possible to mention various others, even tho they might not furnish so striking an example.

As for the second factor in the case—the profits to be made through stock manipulation and the swapping of securities, it may be sufficient to say that our present corporation laws do not afford adequate protection to the small investor, and that accordingly in a good many cases he has no choice but to allow himself to be mulcted, however much he may resent the process.

That the merger process is being badly overdone is something of which this metropolitan newspaper has no doubt. Just how much can not be told, it is remarked, because we naturally do not know all of the reasons dictating the formation of any particular merger. But—

What we can say with certainty is that were we to eliminate the stock market and new capital structure temptation, the number of mergers would be very much less.

Again, were we to modify the Sherman law along reasonable lines by permitting suitable trade agreements to be legally entered into, the number of mergers would be still further reduced. Because the two conditions thus referred to are both thoroughly artificial in character, the merger movement is fairly to be regarded as a fashion rather than anything else. It may be a short-lived fashion or not according to whether Congress furnishes the necessary amendments to the Sherman Act or lets that measure alone.

Probably a good many of the mergers that are now being undertaken will be futile. Where there is no good reason for them, new competition will spring up, as it should.

Sometimes it will be found expedient to sell portions of the merged property which had proved a handicap, or at least have furnished no additional economic strength. This has happened in the past and will undoubtedly present itself in the future as a process designed to rectify unnecessary or unwise changes in business organization.

THE DRUG STORE STILL A DRUG STORE

"PERHAPS THE TIME WILL COME when the only thing not dispensed in many drug stores will be drugs," remarks the New York *World*, reflecting a widely held impression which a writer in *Advertising and Selling* declares to be quite unfounded in view of the fact that recent government investigation shows that about three-quarters of what the drug stores sell happens to be drugs. *The World's* remark comes apropos of the recent Supreme Court decision that drug stores need not be owned by licensed pharmacists. The decision, of course, has its bearing on the development of chain drug stores, and *The World* does not go into that, but turns aside to consider the apparent fact that in all Eastern cities at least "the pharmaceutical element in drug stores grows smaller and smaller":

The social evolution of the drug store comes near offering an epitome of modern civilization. A generation ago the druggist thought himself venturesome when to medicines he added a line of peppermints, licorice, pencils, and stationery. To-day the drug store sells everything. It is a news shop, with papers, magazines, the latest novels and the 75-cent lives of Herbert Hoover. It is a limited dry-goods store—the best place to go if you need a handkerchief in a hurry. It sells cigarets, fountain pens, safety razors, alarm clocks, and electric lights. It is a complete confectionery. As a restaurant it fills a double function. For men it has taken the place of the quick lunches and free lunches. For women it has kept pace with economic emancipation and gives what they used to find only in hotels and tea rooms. It has become the post-Volstead barroom, with fizzes, juleps, and shakes that would at once terrify and depress the old-time bartender. It is a depot of all conveniences, with phone booths, directories, stamp-vending machines, and even cut-rate tickets. And the pharmacy? It has become a meek department in the rear, obscure and half-disregarded.

But to those who take for granted the truth of the last sentence in *The World* editorial, it will come as a surprize, writes E. M. West in *Advertising and Selling*, "to learn that drugs still total more than 70 per cent. of the total sales of drug stores—at least in nine of the eleven cities canvassed by the recent distribution census conducted by government agents." Continues Mr. West:

Drugs, chemicals, and prescriptions bring in more than double the sales of all other types of commodities sold in the drug stores of these cities.

No other class of commodity, in fact, brought in 10 per cent. of the total sales.

Only three other classes reached any considerable volume: candy, ice-cream, and soft drinks; cigars, cigarets, and tobaccos; and toilet articles and preparations.

It is not surprizing that the soda-fountain has developed to so large a revenue producer. But that tobaccos outstrip toilet preparations will surely surprize many.

With drugs, these three classifications account for over 95 per cent. of the total of all sales. Indeed, if other articles of food, sold at the soda counter, are included, the total proportion becomes 96.877 per cent. of the aggregate sales, leaving only 3.123 per cent. for all other goods.

This means that all other goods, sold in the drug stores of these nine cities, bring in a bit over four and a half million dollars out of a total sale of $149,899,200.

This is a little more than $1,000 a year per store for the 4,340 drug stores in these cities.

Of the eleven representative cities canvassed by the Government's agents, Fargo, North Dakota, and Springfield, Illinois, are omitted because the volume of sales in their drug stores was not "broken down." Drug-store sale totals were as follows in the other nine cities:

Chicago	$70,148,800
San Francisco	19,344,700
Kansas City	16,255,000
Baltimore	11,059,800
Atlanta	8,516,200
Seattle	7,427,700
Providence	7,125,100
Denver	6,757,200
Syracuse	3,264,700
Total	$149,899,200

According to the writer in the advertising magazine:

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"SURPRIZING," is the most moderate word *Barron's Weekly* can find to describe a condition which, if the newspaper story is correct, obtains in certain banking circles in Philadelphia. It was stated in the New York *Times* that the Philadelphia District Attorney found that it was possible to open a deposit account in a commercial bank in Philadelphia, "to deposit as much as $1,820,799 in less than nine months under a fictitious name, to withdraw that amount, and to find officers in that bank who did not know who or what the depositor was." This "sounds like a fairy-story," and "so much improbable nonsense has appeared in newspapers about the Philadelphia bootlegging scandal that the story may be untrue," but it was given as fact by a responsible newspaper. At any rate, *Barron's Weekly* is moved to this indignant comment:

This bank, and apparently other banks, in view of the bootlegging origin of such deposits, morally if not legally constituted themselves receivers of stolen goods. Any bank officer who says that he knew nothing about a given depositor, and took no trouble to inform himself as to the existence of such a depositor, is either telling a direct falsehood or does not know his business Banks desire to secure depositors and to issue check-books, and there is plenty of competition in that connection. But they are not taking any and every depositor who puts in an appearance; they have a detective department of their own, and, so far as the banks of New York or Boston are concerned, they satisfy themselves that the depositor is a person who could be identified, if only for their own protection.

What do they know about the signature to a check drawn upon an account with a fictitious name? When a depositor opens an account at a bank he goes through necessary formalities, and he submits specimens of his signature to the bank, which immediately, if it knows its business, ascertains that he is what he says he is. If a Philadelphia bank accepted a large account, really representing the plunder of some bootlegging beneficiary, under such a name as "Herbert Wilson," for instance, there being no such person in existence, and now tells the District Attorney that the depositor has closed out his account and can not be traced, the proper course would be the detention in jail of the cashier of that bank as a material witness under the gravest suspicion.

It might be mentioned in further illustration that one up-town New York bank finger-prints its depositors. The Philadelphia bank, name not specified, ought to finger-print its officers.

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THE · SPICE · OF · LIFE

(REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Interfering Static.—"Bobby, please stop that noise—I'm trying to gargle."—*Life.*

Hot Air.—"How is your room heated?"

"By hollering down and cussing at the janitor."—*Drexerd.*

New Traffic Jam.—"Is your daughter popular?"

"Popular! Why, I can't park within three blocks of my house."—*Iowa Frivol.*

Bunch of Good Wishes.—Another serious social problem is what to send the florist's daughter when she is ill.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Brother Beast.—
CADETS WILL HEAR
WILD ANIMAL TALK
—*Pasadena (Cal.) paper.*

Wistful Memory.—MOVIE ACTRESS—"How did *you* ever get a reference saying you were a perfect lady's maid?"

MAID—"I worked for a perfect lady, once."—*Life.*

Cures for a Common Complaint.—"I understand Jones has been given a medal by the Society for Pharmaceutical Research." "Yes, he has invented three new types of sandwiches."—*Epworth Herald.*

Haberdashery Problem.—"Charge Teacher Flogged Pupils with Short Hose," runs a Brooklyn *Eagle* head-line. W. T. F. thinks this might be shortened into: "Say Teacher Socked Pupils."—*Boston Transcript.*

Wrong Label.—"On what grounds are you seeking a divorce from your wife?"

"Misrepresentation. When I asked her to marry me she said she was agreeable."—*Daily Oklahoman.*

Modesty in Advertising.—
If you need
A GOOD PRINTING JOB
The Worst Way
Have it done
by
Lake County Publishing Co.
—*Display ad in a Mount Dora (Fla.) paper.*

Somewhere Else.—The wife of a famous English Bishop—whom we shall call John Smith—was recently very ill, and required a serious operation. As she recovered from the anesthetic, she was heard to murmur: "Am I in Heaven? Am I in Heaven? No, there's John."—*Christian Register.*

Spread of Vocal Culture.—
GREEK STEAMER IS
REPORTED SINGING
—*Columbia (S. C.) paper.*

STEAMER SINGING
OFF PORTUGAL, IS
WIRELSSS REPORT
—*Salisbury (N. C.) paper.*

Hunger Strike.—A new automobile record was recently made. A guy drove from coast to coast without eating a single hot dog.—*Judge.*

When Culture Speaks.—With the refinement of the present musical finish and tonal nuisances, and with a technical proficiency which is required of the concert pianist of to-day.—*Chicago Daily News.*

"Now, madam, do ya or don't ya want these tickets for the firemen's ball?"
—*Judge.*

Wise Guy.—
Want to make some dough?
Here's a plan to try:
Buy stocks when they're low,
Sell them when they're high.

Or, if you're a sport,
Ere the issues drop,
Sell the market short
When it's at the top.

Then when stocks have slid
Seven points to ten—
That's the time to bid—
Buy them in again!

Make your dough with ease,
Save your strength and time,
Meanwhile, could you please,
Let me have a dime?
—*A. L. L., in Judge.*

Hully Chee!
O TEMPORA, O MOSES!
—*Head-line on an editorial in a Berryville (Va.) paper.*

Past Human Help.—LITTLE LUCY—"Auntie, why do you put powder on your face?"

AUNT—"To make me pretty, dear."

LUCY—"Then why doesn't it?"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Walking Distance.—Sermon theme: "All The Way to Calvary." Vocal solo special: "I'll Travel All The Way to Calvary." Just one block off of Main Street.—*Estill (Ky.) paper.*

Evolution.—A New York sculptress excels in carving horses out of cheese. Her horses can be melted into welsh rarebits, later emerging as nightmares.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Turn the Crank.—INVENTOR (to capitalist)—"This, sir, is an epoch-making machine."

CAPITALIST—"Is it? Then let me see it make an epoch."—*Christian Evangelist.*

Back Number.—A Londoner took an American to see "Hamlet." "You sure are behind the times here," remarked the American. "I saw this play in New York four years ago."—*Christian Register.*

Lingual Inadequacy.—POPPA (at Thanksgiving dinner)—"Willy, you've reached for everything in sight. Now stop it; haven't you got a tongue?"

WILLY—"Sure, Pop, but my arm's longer."—*George Washington Ghost.*

Much in Little.—In the Swank automobile was Mrs. Swank's pocketbook, which contained a wrist watch, an electric percolator, two umbrellas, two automobile robes and two pairs of pajamas.—*Ad in a Muncie (Ind.) paper.*

Budding Einstein.—"Give three reasons for saying the earth is round," confronted Sandy in an examination paper.

"My teacher says it's round, the book says it's round, and a man told me it was round."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Solomon Up-to-Date.—Beauty is often only skin dope.

Give a girl an inch and she will make a dress of it.

Whom the juries would acquit they first make mad.

Gold digger's version: Nobody loves a flat man.

A drink in time will save nine, if it's wood alcohol.

Blood is thicker than water, but neither can touch post-office ink.

From the maxims of a cave man: Faint clout never won fair lady.

An honest confession is good for the soul, also for a front-page story.—*Boston Transcript.*

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

December 12. — President-elect Hoover crosses the Andes from Chile, and makes his first stop in Argentina at Mendoza.

A successful operation for empyema is performed on King George of England by Sir Hugh Rigby.

December 13. — President-elect Hoover arrives in Buenos Ayres, Argentina, on his good-will tour of South America. Extra precautions are taken to protect him from radical plots.

December 14.—President-elect Hoover is entertained at a State banquet at Buenos Ayres, at which, speaking through Ambassador Fletcher, he expresses confidence in the outlook for humanity, socially, economically and politically.

December 15.—President Siles informs a throng of 20,000 people that Bolivian forces have severely defeated Paraguayan troops in the disputed area of Gran Chaco, and that the Bolivians have taken Fort Bouqueron. Bolivian airplanes are also reported to have bombed Paraguayan positions on the Pilcomayo River.

A delegation from Paraguay, which he was unable to visit on his good-will tour of South America, calls upon President-elect Hoover at Buenos Ayres. The dispute between Paraguay and Bolivia is reported not mentioned.

Gene Tunney presents a silver football cup from the American marines to the British marines as a return compliment for a bulldog which the British marines had presented to the American marines, and leads in a prayer for the recovery of King George.

The refusal of the French Government to extradite H. M. Blackmer, fugitive Teapot Dome oil case witness, accused of falsifying income tax returns, is communicated to the American Embassy in Paris.

Dr. Stresemann, German Foreign Minister, denounces, at the closing session of the Lugano Conference of the Council of the League of Nations, alleged oppression of Germans in Polish Upper Silesia, and precipitates a sharp rejoinder from Foreign Minister Zaleski of Poland. The British, French and German Foreign Ministers issue a communiqué, expressing progress in their conversations on Rhineland evacuation and revision of the Dawes plan.

December 16.—President-elect Hoover is enthusiastically received in Montevideo, Uruguay.

President Guggiari of Paraguay refuses to order mobilization of all men between eighteen and twenty-two, explaining that there are still other means of national defense. A Bolivian airplane is reported to have flown over Bahia Negra, and to have dropt four bombs which fail to explode. Patriotic demonstrations occur in the capital.

December 17.—King Amanullah of Afghanistan, and Queen Souriya, are reported fugitives from the revolt of the populace and army over the modernization which the King attempted to force upon the country.

A dispatch from Asuncion, Paraguay, says that 30,000 volunteers have rallied to the colors. The commander of the Bolivian forces has been ordered, it is reported, to cease fighting.

DOMESTIC

December 12.—At the earnest request of President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg, Bolivia returns her delegate to the Pan-American Conference on Arbitration and Conciliation, meeting in Washington.

The International Civil Aeronautics Conference, representing forty nations, called as a part of the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of power-driven flight, convenes in Washington, and is addrest by President Coolidge.

December 13.—Representative Edwards, Democrat, of Georgia, introduces a bill to authorize an appropriation of $25,000,000 for use by Surgeon General Cumming to combat the influenza outbreak.

Distinguished Flying Crosses for Wilbur and Orville Wright, first to navigate the air in a power-driven machine, are voted by the House of Representatives.

Jacob M. Dickinson, Secretary of War under President Taft, dies in a hospital in Chicago. He was seventy-seven.

December 14.—The Pan-American Conference on Arbitration and Conciliation adopts a resolution offering to mediate between Bolivia and Paraguay.

The Senate passes the $165,000,000 Boulder Dam Bill, and sends it to conference with the House. The House passes the Interior Department appropriation bill, carrying approximately $285,000,000.

December 15.—Richard E. James, of Flushing, Long Island, finishes his transcontinental solo flight with intermediate stops, winning the $1,000 prize offered by the American Society for the Promotion of Aviation to the first boy under eighteen to complete such a flight. He left San Francisco on October 30.

December 16.—Representative Britten, Republican, of Illinois, makes public a cable to Commander Joseph M. Kenworthy, Member of the British Parliament, in which he declares that, unless an agreement on naval limitations is agreed upon by the nations of the world, the United States should "adopt a policy of national defense that would surpass all powers."

According to Department of Commerce statistics, there were 1,200,694 marriages in 1927, as compared with 1,202,574 in 1926, a decrease of one-fifth of 1 per cent. Divorces in 1927 totaled 192,037, as against 180,853 the previous year, an increase of 6.2 per cent.

December 17.—The birthplace of aviation at Kitty Hawk Beach, North Carolina, is marked with a national memorial in honor of Wilbur and Orville Wright, who here flew in a power-driven machine twenty-five years ago.

Paraguay accepts the offer of the Pan-American Conference on Arbitration and Conciliation to mediate in her dispute with Bolivia, while unofficial assurance is received that Bolivia also will accept.

The Senate votes, 38 to 35, to allot $13,500,000, for the Prohibition unit.

A delegation of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America presents to President Coolidge a petition signed by 180,182 citizens, asking ratification by the Senate of the Kellogg peace treaty.

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